



American Girl

January/February 1998

\$3.95

Solo

*A Hula Dancer's
Sunny Story*

Duet

Girl-Boy Friendships

All Together!

*A Very Merry Party
in the Land of Oz*



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Celebrating Girls, Yesterday and Today™

January/February 1998



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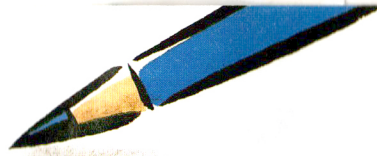


Kristin Korshin

On the Cover

Meet Kristin Korshin, age 9. Kristin takes violin lessons once a week at school. "I'm just a beginner, but I like to play," she says. "The problem is, I play squeaky if I don't bow just right!"

Letters from You



Smart Saving

The Advice from You about putting a picture of what you're saving for on your bank is so good! It works! I love it! I'll use it next time I save up my money—and every time!

Sasha Khupow
Age 9, Wisconsin



Encouragement

Last fall, I thought, *Great, another year of hard work and no time to play.* Then I read "School Daze" in the September/October issue, and the girls' ideas encouraged me to do my best and focus on the good things school offers. Thanks!

Laura Budzyna
Age 11, New Jersey



AG Pledge

I pledge allegiance to the magazine of Pleasant Company, and to the girls for which it stands, one place for different people and individuals around the United States.

Sarah Cummings
Age 11, New York



Binder Beauty

In the September/October issue you suggested putting wrapping paper in a show-off binder. Well, you can also display postcards or pictures.

Anno Lehner
Age 12, Pennsylvania



Appreciation

"Volunteer Visitors" in the September/October issue made me think of my grandmother. I think what Kristen does for the elderly is great. I hope it encourages other kids to appreciate their relatives.

Audrey Gross
Age 11, Kansas



Mailbag Mystery

I want to know if you really read all the letters you receive.

Amanda Feilding
Age 13, Maryland

Absolutely! We tally each poll, consider every contest entry, and read all Help! questions. The 64,000 letters you send us each year tell us what you think and help make each issue one girls will love.

AmericanGirl

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
BYRON FRENEY, PUBLISHER

Girls Express



Buzzword

American girls everywhere will be using this buzzword this season:

bevy

How to say it: BEH-vee

What it means: a group, especially of animals or quail

Where it comes from: *Bevy's* history is a mystery! It may come from a word meaning "drink" or "a party where drinks are served." Eventually, some people think, the drink part was dropped. But the sense of a party or large group remained.

One way to use it: "Amy has a bevy of Beanie Babies in her bedroom."



The buzzword is tucked somewhere into this issue of *American Girl*. Can you find it?

Downhill Racer



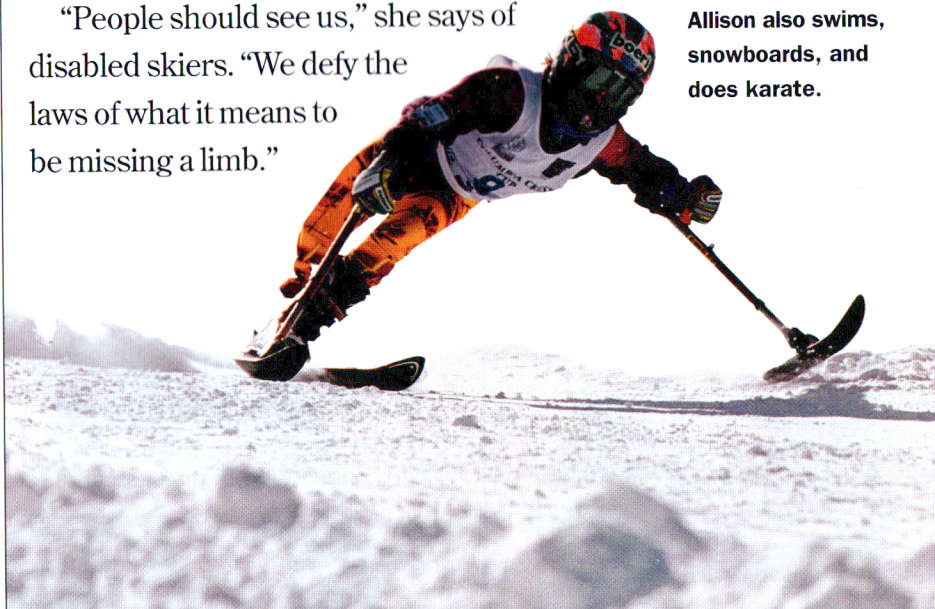
When the Olympic games wind down this February, Allison Jones will still be cheering for her favorite athletes—in the Paralympics. The Paralympics are for world-class athletes with physical disabilities, and

Allison herself hopes to be on the medal stand one day!

Allison, age 13, was born without a thigh bone in her right leg. Normally she wears an artificial leg, but when she skis, she removes it and uses special ski poles called outriggers. She's so fast that last year, the coach of the U.S. Disabled Ski Team said he wanted her on the team. She couldn't join—Allison is too young. But she *will* be old enough for the next Paralympics in 2002.

"People should see us," she says of disabled skiers. "We defy the laws of what it means to be missing a limb."

Allison also swims, snowboards, and does karate.





Write to Us!

Want to send in a poll or just drop us a line? Write us at:

AmericanGirl

8400 Fairway Place
Middleton, WI 53562

You can send answers via e-mail to readermail@ag.pleasantco.com if you have online access. No matter how you write us, be sure to include your name and birthday—date, month, and year.

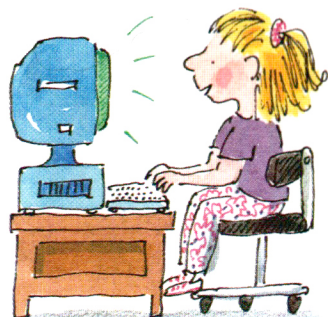
We can't use every letter we receive, but we read and learn from each one. We couldn't create the magazine without you!

Visit AG Online!

If you have access to the Internet, take a look at American Girl's Web site at <http://www.americangirl.com> for more AG fun.

It's full of activities for every day of the week, articles to read, even Help! questions you can answer yourself!

We may use ideas you send us online in the magazine! If we do, instead of your signature, we'll print your name like this: Julie :-) Happy surfing!



Frogs Afloat!



On New Year's Day, 55 floats will appear in the 1998 Tournament of Roses Parade, each one covered in flowers, leaves, even fruit and vegetables. Amanda Lee will have a prime spot for watching the parade. She'll be riding atop a float she designed herself!

With a drawing of high-hopping frogs, Amanda won the "Dream Up Our Float" contest held annually by the International House of Pancakes. At first she couldn't believe it. "Are you sure I'm the one?" she asked.

To build the float, artists transformed the 11-year-old's drawing into a 35-foot-long fantasy. See if you can "catch" the frogs, and Amanda, when you watch the parade!

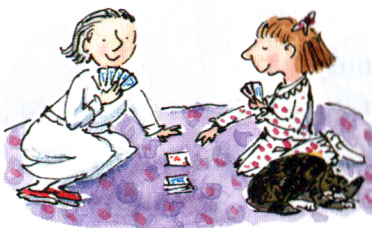
To enter the contest, visit an IHOP restaurant or call 1-818-240-6055, extension 4226. Entries must be postmarked by January 31, 1998.



The fancy float above will be covered in plants. It all started with Amanda's sketch!

Aren't They Grand?

AG readers love their grandparents. Here's how they stay close!



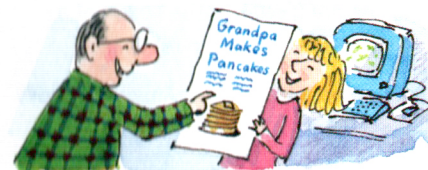
When I visit my grandparents, before we go to bed we always play rummy.

Haley Duhaman
Age 12, New York



My grandmother lives with me. We spend time making sushi together!

Maki Kamimura
Age 10, California



I make a newspaper on my computer of all the fun events that happen to our family.

Rachel Mite
Age 14, Utah



Every other Friday, my grandparents have all the grandchildren sleep over.

Seana Stanagan
Age 13, Texas

Sweet Frame

Have a heart! Share your picture with a pal.

1 Use a **ruler** and **pencil** to draw a 5-inch square on **colored paper**. Cut out with **scissors**.

2 Spread a thin layer of **tacky craft glue** over one side of the paper square. Glue paper to a piece of very thin **cardboard**. Let dry.

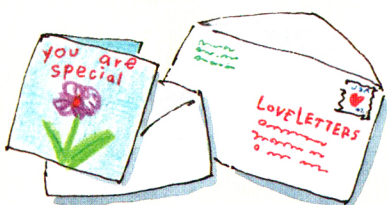
3 Lightly draw a heart around a **school photo**. Cut out. Glue photo to middle of paper square.

4 Arrange **candy hearts** around photo. Glue in place. Let dry. Cut paper around outside edge of hearts. Glue **ribbon** loop to the back. Let dry.



Love Letters

Phoebe Velazquez has nearly 100 love letters! "Not 'smooch, smooch' love letters," says Phoebe, age 8. "They're caring letters." They were good medicine for the Illinois girl, who received the letters while recovering from brain surgery.



Get Involved!

Send your letters or cards to Love Letters, and they'll be passed on to sick children. Write about something fun that's happened to you. "I'm thinking about you!" and "You are special!" are great card ideas. Don't send get-well greetings or religious messages, or use glitter. Put your note in an open envelope—postage stamps are appreciated. Place that envelope inside a larger, stamped envelope, and mail it to:

Love Letters
436A Eisenhower Lane
Lombard, IL 60148

The mail came from volunteers at Love Letters, a charity that sends cheery notes and gifts to seriously ill children.

Phoebe is now one of several girls who write cards and wrap gifts for other patients. She helps put the love into Love Letters!

Phoebe holds a few of the cards she received from Love Letters.



AG

POLL



Your answers:

Strike up the band! In the September/October issue, we asked if you play a musical instrument. Here's what you said:

Yes, I play: 1,820

No, I don't: 174

The top instruments for musical American girls:

1. Piano or keyboard

2. Woodwind

Clarinet, flute, oboe, saxophone

Next question:

Should fast-food restaurants be allowed to sell lunches in schools?

Some people say fast food isn't healthy, or that school is no place for big-name restaurant chains.

Others say kids would prefer fast food to regular cafeteria food. How do you feel?

☒ **Yes. Fast-food restaurants are O.K. in schools.**

☒ **No. Keep fast-food restaurants out of schools!**

Why?

*Not healthy
Can have them
out of school*



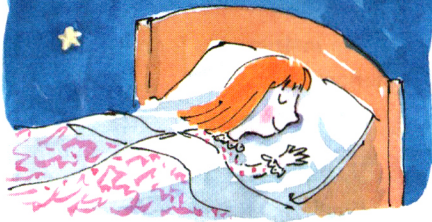
Cut out your answers and mail them to us.

Photos: Fritz Geiger, Mike Walker

Dreams in Flight

When I lay my head
Down each night,
There are many dreams
Already in flight.
Soaring up to the sky,
Soaring, soaring, soaring so high.
And when I wake
They come to land,
And off they take
At night again.

Katie Dixon
Age 12, Georgia

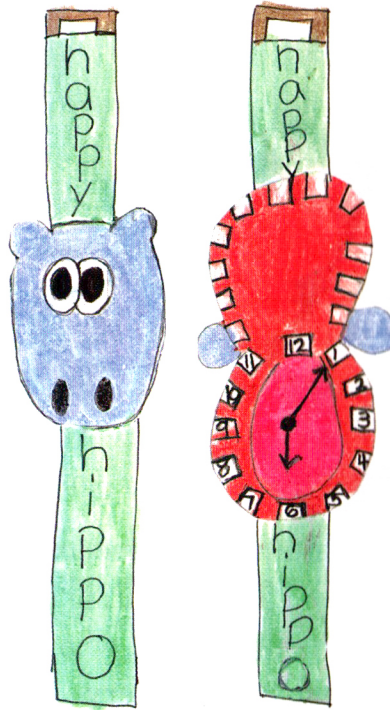


Help Wanted!

Do you do a craft like quilting, weaving, or pottery? Was the skill handed down from a relative or did you learn it in a class? How long have you been doing the craft? Tell us your story and send a photo of your handiwork.



Top-Notch Watches



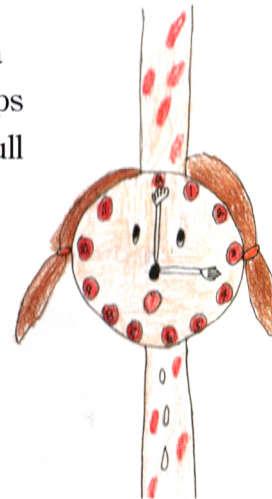
"My watch's face is a moon, the band has the sun and seven planets, and the clasp is a silver star."

Kaitlin Kading
Age 9, New York



"The cover of my watch is a hippopotamus's face. It flips open to show the mouth full of teeth, and the time!"

Megan Walburn
Age 12, Maryland

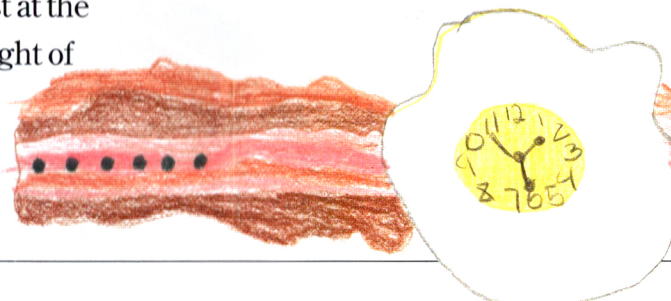


"My watch is a girl with chicken pox. The hands scratch the chicken pox when they point to a number."

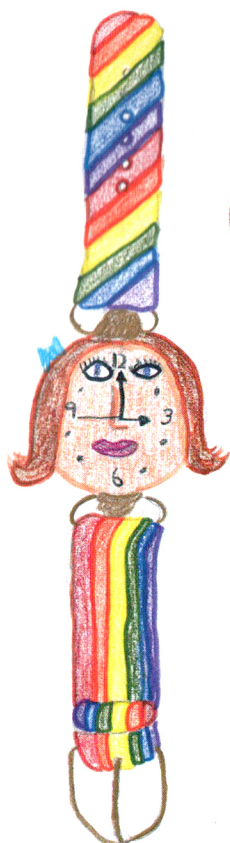
Katelyn Sadler
Age 8, Pennsylvania

"At first I was drawing a pickle, because I wanted to do something with food. But I was eating breakfast at the time, and then I thought of bacon and eggs!"

Giselle Andrea
Age 11, Illinois

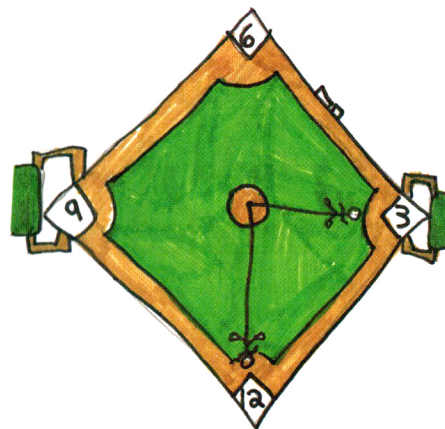


American girls sure have time on their hands. Nearly 7,000 readers sent in wonderful designs to our watch contest!



"I drew a watch with a head and different hairstyles that snap on and off."

Hilary Freeman
Age 10, Missouri



"I made a baseball diamond. On the ends of the hands I drew people. They go in circles like they're running bases."

Karianne Bergen
Age 11, Washington

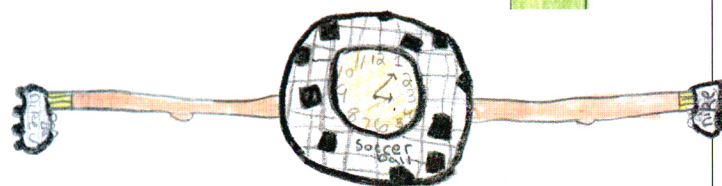
"This is the Doggone Dinner Watch. I chose this design because I love dogs! The dog's name is on the bowl, and the time is on his collar."

Christa Cordero
Age 10, Pennsylvania



"My living room is covered with birdhouses! I also feed the birds outside. I like how birds can be so fast and fly all around."

Molly Darrow
Age 9, California



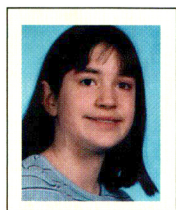
"My wristwatch is a soccer ball. The bands are legs with feet that have on soccer cleats. I like soccer!"

Kami Land
Age 10, Kentucky

Heart to Heart

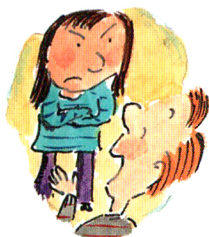
Racism

Have you been judged by your skin color or nationality? These girls tell how they've handled racism.

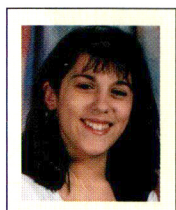


I heard a guy tell jokes about blacks and

Hispanics. It was degrading, and he got in trouble. I don't think he meant to be racist, but I found it offensive. Who says one race is better than another?

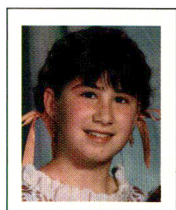


Patty Sanchez
Age 12, Illinois



I'm Mexican-American, and some kids at my school are racist. They can be so cruel. If they say something bad, I say, "If you don't like my appearance, don't talk to me. But if that's your opinion, I wouldn't want to talk to you anyway!"

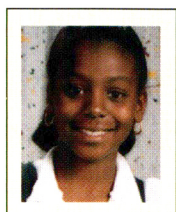
Carrie Kuecker
Age 13, Illinois



If you ever judge someone by skin color, ask your-

self these questions: Is she nice? Would she make a good friend? What are her qualities? You should never judge people by the color of their skin but by their personalities.

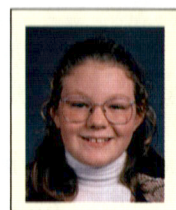
Alena Anthony
Age 10, New York



One time I went to a park to play. I was getting

ready to go down the slide and there were two girls there. One girl said to the other, "Come on, let's get out of here. I see a black kid coming." She said it right to my face! I think every American girl should be treated equally.

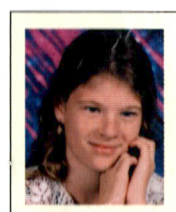
Erin Lovelace
Age 11, California



There are a lot of people of different races

at my school. When I see kids making fun of someone, I tell them to imagine themselves in the other person's shoes. Usually they stop. Speak up for what you believe.

Emily Moyer
Age 12, Pennsylvania



If someone asks my friend why she has such a "weird" name, she confidently says, "It's Polish." Speak confidently and be proud to be unique. It's harder to poke fun at someone who is not ashamed.



Jeni Seewert
Age 13, New York



My teacher asked us what we want to be when we

grow up. I said I want to be a lawyer. A boy said, "You can't be a lawyer because you're black." I said I could be whoever I want to be. Nobody is going to tear me down because of the color of my skin. I didn't feel mad or sad. I felt proud of what I said to the boy.

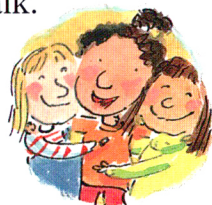
Hatarshia Lipscomb
Age 13, North Carolina



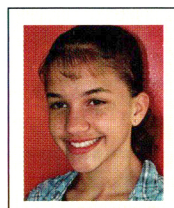
What counts is not the color of your skin or

the way you talk.

The kindness in your heart is what's important.



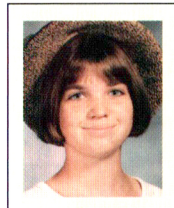
Adrienne Wilson
Age 10, Massachusetts



When someone discriminates against you,

they're showing they have a lot to learn. If you say something that discriminates back, you're being just as ignorant.

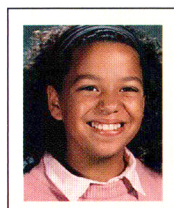
Lindsay Mangiameli
Age 13, Florida



I think racism is really an emotion derived from fear

of other people's differences.

Lea Maria McKenna-Durcia
Age 12, New Jersey



One time these kids were calling me names

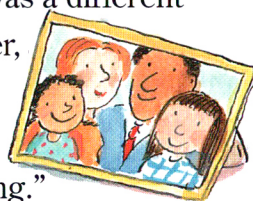
because I am black. I told them I don't care if I'm purple, pink, yellow, or black as long as I have a good heart. They stopped, and the next day they wanted to be friends.

Amy Affortter
Age 10, California

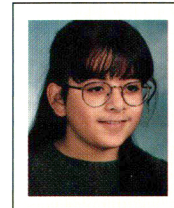


My mom and I are white, my stepdad's black,

and my sister is mixed. One day a lady came to our house and asked what color everyone was. My mom said, "What does it matter?" When the lady left, my sister felt bad because she was a different color. I told her, "You are you and that is a wonderful thing."



Brandi Rominski
Age 11, Ohio



I've had people tease me because I'm Puerto Rican.

I just walk away. I'm proud to be who I am. I'd rather be me than them any day.

Abigail Skowronek
Age 11, Connecticut

Speak from Your Heart

Next subject: Phobias and fears.

Are you afraid of the dark?

Horried of heights? Spooked by spiders or small spaces? Tell us what you're afraid of and why.

Describe a time when you or a friend were struck by a fear.

How did you, or she, get over it?

What advice do you have for girls with a specific fear?

Send answers, name, age, and a

school picture to: AmericanGirl

8400 Fairway Place, Middleton,

WI 53562. While we can print

only 10 to 13 letters in each

Heart to Heart, we read and learn

from each one!

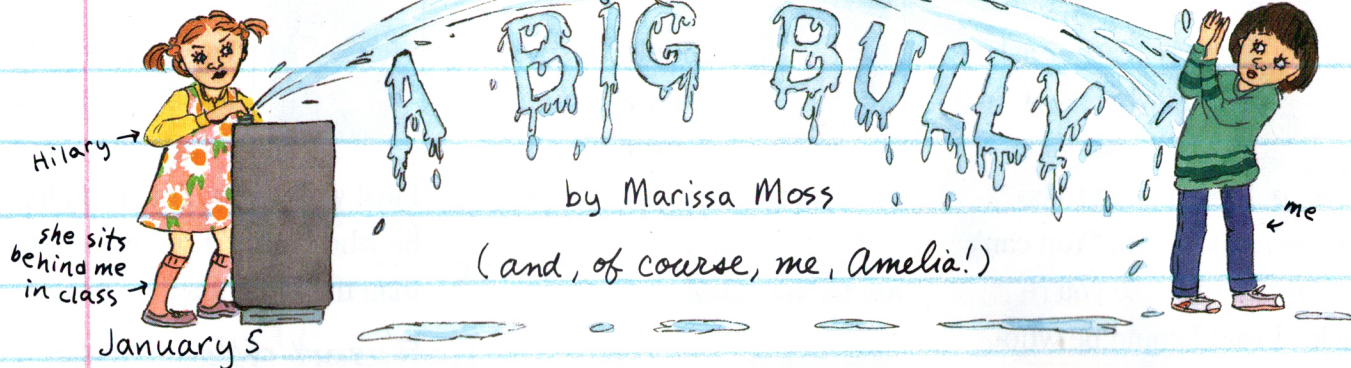
Deadline: February 7, 1998.

Some answers will appear in the

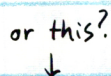
July/August 1998 issue. ★



Amelia's Notebook



Hilary, this girl in my class, is really mean. She said I look like a doofus because I don't wear knee socks and I have a stupid haircut. What's wrong with my hair and why does it matter what kind of socks I wear? But once she said it, everyone else started believing it. Lucy and Matilda wouldn't play four square with me, and when I sat next to Susie at lunch, she moved away.



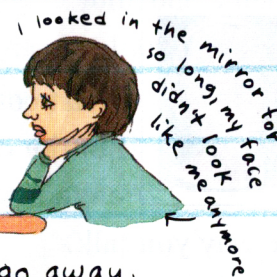
Hilary said my hair looks like a mop and I should wash the floor with it. Then she tried to trip me. I wanted to cry, but no way would I let her see me cry - NEVER!

January 9

Everyone says you should just ignore teasing and it will go away, but it doesn't. When Hilary talks to me, I try to pretend I'm a stone, hard and unbreakable, but inside I'm crumbling.

bathroom mirror →

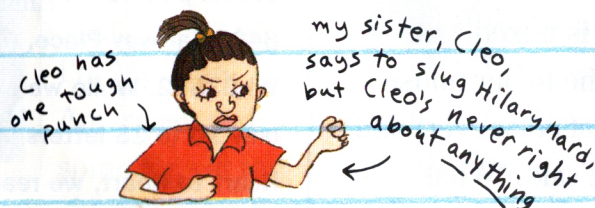
sink →



How about a fancy, ice-cream hairdo?



The problem is none of those hair styles looks like me!



← Mom says to pretend I don't hear her - but I do - I hear all the mean things Hilary says too well!

January 12

Today Hilary said my lunch looked gross and only a gorilla would eat it. She always has something mean to say and I never know what to say back.

my poor innocent lunch →

what's gross about an apple?

sandwich →

← the bread was not moldy!

After lunch, she passed me a note that was so mean, I don't want to write down what it said.

me, staring, staring at my desk as hard as I could, so tears would not come out of my eyes



blink blink
crumpled note

I memorized every inch of this desk

January 15

At recess, Hilary grabbed my elbow and said, "I saw you cheating on the test today. I'm gonna tell - you're in BIG trouble!" Hilary has said lots of mean things to me, but this was the worst! And for once, I didn't feel all sad and crumbly. I was MAD - I mean really, REALLY

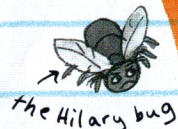
FURIOUS!

I looked right at her and this voice came out of me that I didn't know I had. It was **GOLD** and **SHARP** and **GRAY** - the kind of voice you HAD to listen to.

"You are a LIAR," I said, and once I started, I couldn't stop. All this stuff came bubbling up inside of me and just HAD to come out.

"I would NEVER cheat. I don't NEED to cheat. And there is NOTHING wrong with my hair or clothes. The only thing wrong is that I ever let you bug me, but you are never going to bug me again - you're going to

BUG OFF!



the Hilary bug

I felt as if I'd run a million miles and was completely empty. Then I felt lighter and lighter, like I could fly.

Hilary just stood there. For once, she didn't have anything to say. ★

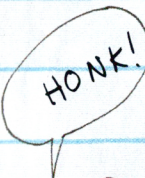
I was a bubble floating



when some people cry, their mouths look like rubber bands



some people's chins wrinkle up



HONK!




some people sound like they're blowing their noses

Island Dancer

By Therese K. Smith

Kehaulani DeRego, 12, looks like a vision from long-ago Hawaii. Her fern skirt sways as she dips and steps in the moves of an ancient hula. As she dances, Kehaulani paints a picture with her hands, telling a story of her land and her ancestors.





Kehaulani loves performing ancient hulas, called hula kahiko (ka-HEE-ko), in which dancers wear outfits made of items from the forest, like these ferns. Here she performs the story of a goddess who used a fern skirt to ward off enemies. "When I dance kahiko, I feel strong," says Kehaulani. "I feel like I'm the person in the story."



Dancers must learn to make their own leis. Here Kehaulani, her hula sister Nicole, and their fathers pick ferns for leis.

More than a Dance

The hula is a dance designed to tell important stories, not just to entertain, explains Kehaulani (KAY-how-LAH-nee).

The hula developed centuries ago, when Hawaiians had no written language. History and stories were passed by word of mouth or set to music and danced. A hula might pass on the legend of Laka, the goddess of dance. It might record events of the time, praise a Hawaiian queen, or describe the beauty of the islands.

“The stories talk about my ancestors and what happened before I was born,” says Kehaulani. “It’s a fun way to learn about history.”

Kehaulani lives on the island of Oahu and has been dancing since she was two years old. Her

family has been involved with hula for generations. Kehaulani’s grandmother and great-grandmother both taught hula schools, or *halaus* (huh-LAOWZ). Kehaulani’s mother is the teacher of her hula school, Halau Hula O’Hokulani.

In hula, your family includes more than blood relatives. Members of the hula school spend so much time practicing and performing together, they become a kind of family. Kehaulani calls the other adults “aunties” and “uncles.” The dancers are her hula sisters and hula brothers.



Before picking ferns, girls and their fathers gather to pray and remind themselves to respect the forest.



Pull tight! If a lei is braided loosely, the ferns will fall out.

Making Leis

Hula families do more than dance together. The dancers learn from adults how to make *leis* (layz), the garlands worn around the neck, head, wrists, and ankles.

Today a group of dancers and their fathers are preparing to gather ferns for making leis. In a clearing on a mountain road, Kehaulani holds the hands of two hula sisters as they recite in Hawaiian, "Now is the time to stand together as one. We are not 20 voices but one voice!" This is an *oli* (OH-lee), a chant that asks for blessings and permission to enter the forest.

Kehaulani listens carefully as her father explains that they are here not to take from the forest but to share its beauty with others. Then

the fathers and daughters pair off and quietly enter the forest. They climb the steep hill and begin to snap fern branches off the plants.

Because some halaus overpick in the forest, certain plants have become hard to find. But Kehaulani's group has tended this patch of ferns so well that it now grows up the mountainside. They are careful not to pick the oldest ferns, which have many seeds on the underside. Allowing seeds to scatter and replenish the forest will ensure that future dancers can also share in their beauty.

When enough ferns are gathered, dancers are ready to make leis with their mothers and fathers. The youngest girls spray the ferns with water to keep them fresh. Others pull individual branches off each stem and hand them to a partner to braid.

This work is difficult but fun. Kehaulani laughs and jokes as she braids. But the dancers also watch and listen carefully to their parents' instructions. They have to—every year dancers are tested on lei-making. To advance to the highest levels of hula, Kehaulani will also learn other Hawaiian crafts, practice playing Hawaiian musical instruments, and study the history of the kings, queens, and other people portrayed in the hula songs.



Leis aren't made only of flowers or ferns. Kehaulani, left, wears a lei made of nuts. Leonani and Farin wear shell and feather leis.

Hawai'i is traditionally spelled Hawai'i (ho-WATT-ee). The backward apostrophe between the "i"s tells you to say the word with a break, as in "uh-oh."





Photo: H.L. Chase Bishop Museum



These dancers are right in style! By the late 1800s, skirts and dresses had become longer and were made of cloth. Styles similar to Kehaulani's, above, are worn for hula *auana* (oh-WAH-na), or modern hulas.

Celebrating Hula

Kehaulani is surrounded by dancers onstage at a hula festival, one of the many events where the halau performs throughout the year. She is radiant in her long dress, called a *mu'u mu'u* (MOO-oo MOO-oo). Around her neck is a lei of polished nuts. More than 20 delicate plumeria flowers have been tucked, one by one, around her braided bun.

"When I dance, I think about the song and try to make people enjoy it as much as I do," explains Kehaulani. The dance she does on this day is called "Children of the Land." It tells of a young girl who listens carefully to her grandmother's stories—legends of a magical shell, a shark transformed into a man, and of Pele, the jealous goddess of the volcano.

"The song takes me on an adventure through different stories," says Kehaulani. It also teaches a



After the festival, each dancer thanks Kehaulani's grandmother. "She taught my mother—our teacher," Kehaulani explains. "Without her we wouldn't have this experience."

lesson—that all of Hawaii's children should listen to the stories of long-ago days. As Kehaulani steps and turns in the dance her mother taught her, a beautiful story is passed on to the audience, and to future generations of hula sisters. ★

A Hula How-To

You can dance part of the song Kehaulani performed at the festival. Do the arm motions below along with the following footwork.

Step right with right foot. Bring left foot

beside right. Step right again. Tap left foot beside right.

Step left. Bring right foot beside left. Step left. Tap right foot beside left. Repeat from beginning.



Let us listen together...

- 1 Bring left hand to ear. Look upward to raised right hand.
- 2 Move right hand to side.
Repeat 1 and 2 with right hand to ear and left hand up.

to the stories told...

- 3 Place left hand to mouth, right hand in front.
- 4 Bring right hand out to side.
Repeat with right hand to mouth and left hand in front.

of days long ago.

- 5 Place left arm out to side. Place right hand on top of left hand.
- 6 Arc right hand overhead and finish with hands in front.

Poem

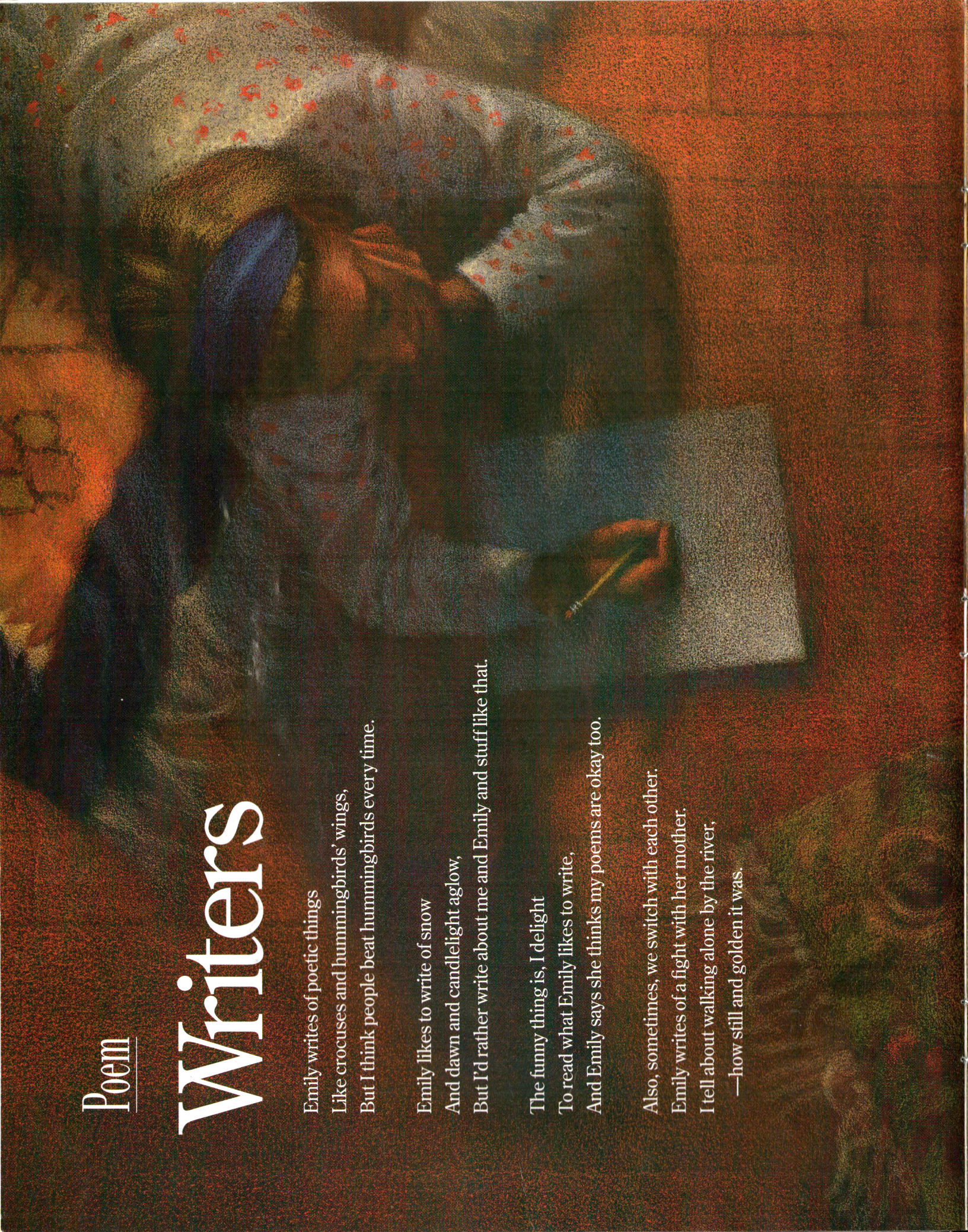
Writers


Emily writes of poetic things
Like crocuses and hummingbirds' wings,
But I think people beat hummingbirds every time.

Emily likes to write of snow
And dawn and candlelight aglow,
But I'd rather write about me and Emily and stuff like that.

The funny thing is, I delight
To read what Emily likes to write,
And Emily says she thinks my poems are okay too.

Also, sometimes, we switch with each other:
Emily writes of a fight with her mother.
I tell about walking alone by the river,
—how still and golden it was.





I know what Emily means, you see,
And, often, Emily's halfway me. . . .
Oh, there's just no way to make anybody else understand.

We're not a bit the same and yet,
We're closer than most people get.
There's no one word for it. We just care about each other
the way we are supposed to.

So I can look through Emily's eyes
And she through mine. It's no surprise,
When you come right down to it, that we're friends.

By Jean Little



Off to

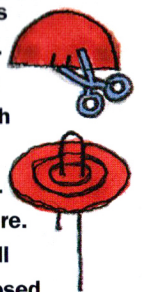
Z

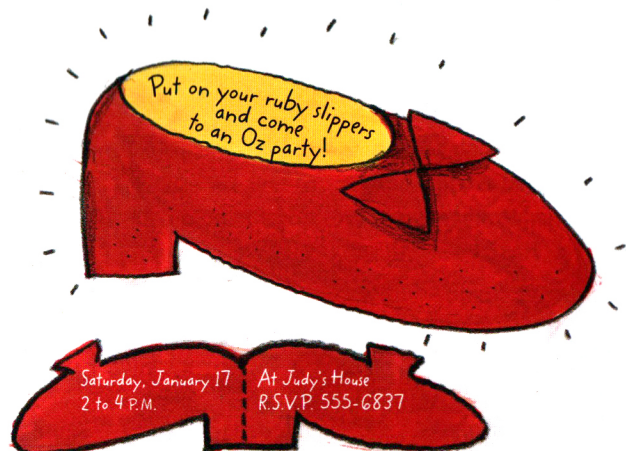
Throw a *Wizard of Oz* party full of munchies, magic, and a movie, too!

Paper Poppies

Create a bevy of beautiful blossoms. Before the party, cut lots of circles from red tissue paper in 3 sizes: 4½ inches diameter, 3½ inches diameter, and 2½ inches diameter. For each poppy, make a stack of 6 circles (2 of each size), with the largest on the bottom and smallest ones on top. Fold

stack in half. Cut 2 small slits across fold as shown and unfold. Push a black pipe cleaner up through 1 slit and down through the other. Twist end to secure. Hold stem and pull flower through closed hand to wrinkle petals.





Invitation

Draw a simple shoe shape about 5 inches long on paper. Cut it out to make a pattern. Fold a piece of red paper in half. Line up heel of pattern along fold. Trace around it, and cut out.


Unfold. You should have 2 shoes connected at the fold. Cut 2 ovals from yellow paper. Glue 1 to each shoe as shown, and trim along top edge. Glue red glitter and red ribbon bows on red part of shoes. Let dry. Write party details inside.



Technicolor Cake

This cake goes from black and white to color, just like the movie!

You will need:

-  An adult to help you
- 1 box white cake mix
- 4 different flavors Jell-O mix (don't use grape)
- 2 12-ounce cans frosting, 1 yellow and 1 white
- 2 tubes black decorator gel

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare cake mix following directions on package. Divide batter equally into 4 bowls, about 1 cup batter per bowl. Mix 1 tablespoon Jell-O powder into each bowl.

Pour batter into greased and floured 8-inch round cake pans, 1 color per pan. Ask an adult to help you bake for about 15 minutes, until cake springs back when touched lightly in center. Cool 5 minutes and remove from pans. (Tip: if you have only 2 cake pans, bake 2 colors at a time, and then grease and flour pans again.)

When cake is completely cool, spread yellow frosting between layers. Cover outside of cake with white frosting. Draw tornadoes with black decorator gel.

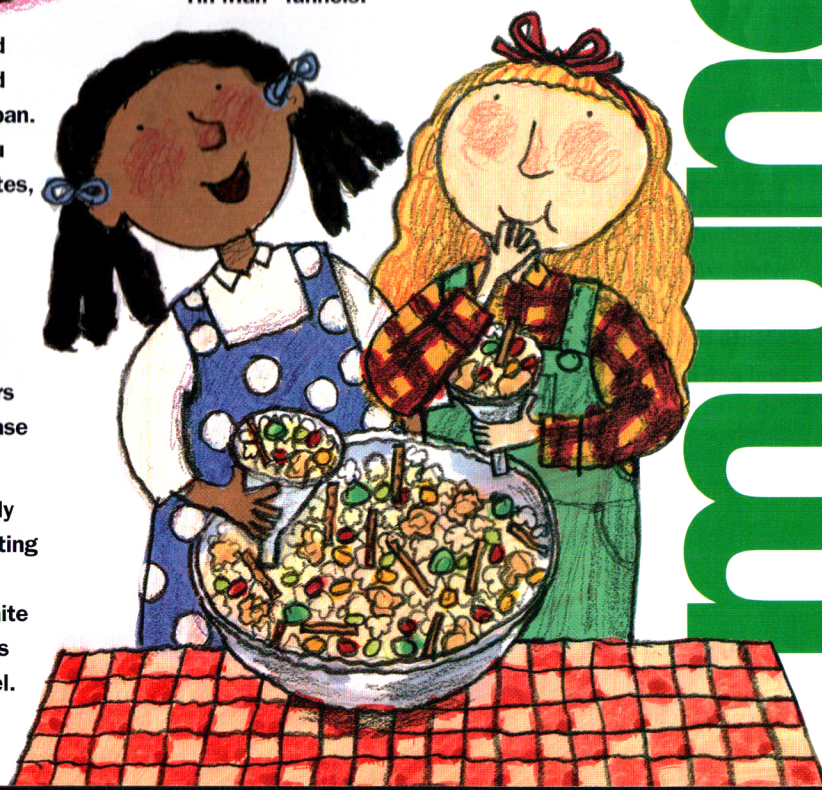
Melted Witch

Your guests will make this punch disappear! Sprinkle 1 envelope unsweetened lemon-lime Kool Aid into large, clear bowl. Gently pour in 2 liters chilled lemon-lime soda and stir. To make witch hat, tape a black party hat to a 7-inch black plastic plate. Float on top.



Munchkin Mix

Enjoy this snack during the movie. In a large bowl, mix 8 cups popcorn, 3 cups pretzel sticks, 1 cup "Auntie Em" M&M's, ½ cup "lions and tigers and bears" animal cookies, and ¼ cup "emerald" green gumdrops. Serve in metal "Tin Man" funnels!



How to make a Munchkin Mix

Rainbow Arch

Add color to your party! Make a helium balloon arch. Adjust the length of each string and tie on weights to secure.



Favors

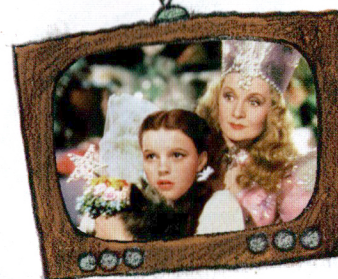
Give each guest a basket like Dorothy's, lined with a piece of cloth. Fill it with lots of Oz-some goodies! Be sure to include a bottle of bubble solution or bubble gum and rainbow candy to play Magic Movie Moments (below).

Magic Movie Moments

You don't have to sit quietly while watching the movie *The Wizard of Oz*. Do these stunts at different scenes and get in on the fun!



Eat rainbow-colored candy when Dorothy sings "Over the Rainbow."



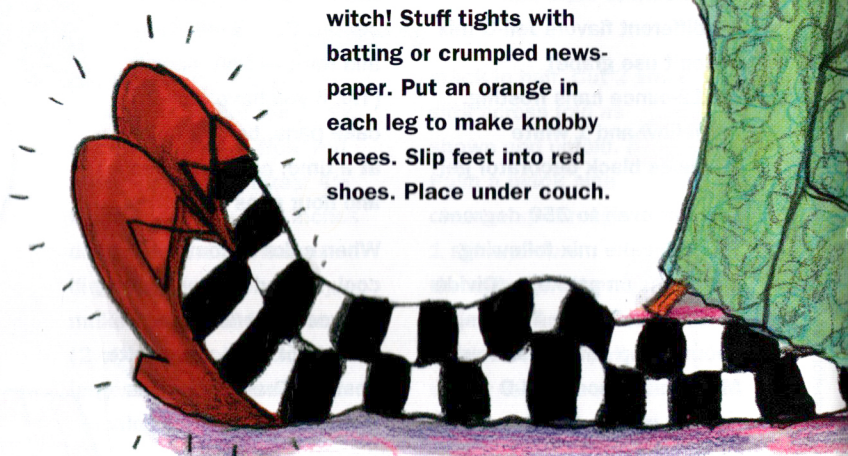
Blow bubbles whenever Glinda appears.



Link arms and skip around the room whenever the movie characters do.

Witch Craft

Make it look like a tornado dropped your couch on the witch! Stuff tights with batting or crumpled newspaper. Put an orange in each leg to make knobby knees. Slip feet into red shoes. Place under couch.



Scarecrow Scramble

The Scarecrow is always losing stuffing. Be the first to stuff him back up! Split into 2 teams. Each team needs a stack of newspaper, rubber bands, clothespins, gloves, socks, a small flannel shirt,

a small pair of pants, a hat, and a paper bag with a face drawn on it. When someone says "Go!" start crumpling newspaper and stuffing it into the clothes. Use rubber bands to attach the gloves and

socks to the shirt and pants. Button the shirt, and attach it to the pants with clothespins. Stuff the bag, stick it into the neck, and put on the hat. The first team done wins!



Cackle and make your hands into claws whenever the Wicked Witch appears.



Snore and pretend to fall asleep when Dorothy is in the poppy field.



Heart, Brains, Courage

Play this game to learn all about your friends. Before the party, decorate a heart bag, a brains bag, and a courage bag. Give each guest 3 slips of paper and a pen. Ask everyone to write down 1 thing she loves, and put the slips into the heart bag. Next, have everyone write 1 thing she knows how to do and put

it into the brains bag. Then have guests write something they're afraid of and put it into the courage bag. To start, pull 1 slip out of a bag and read it aloud. Everyone tries to guess who wrote it. Whoever guesses correctly picks the next slip of paper. If no one is correct, whoever wrote it gets to pick next. ★

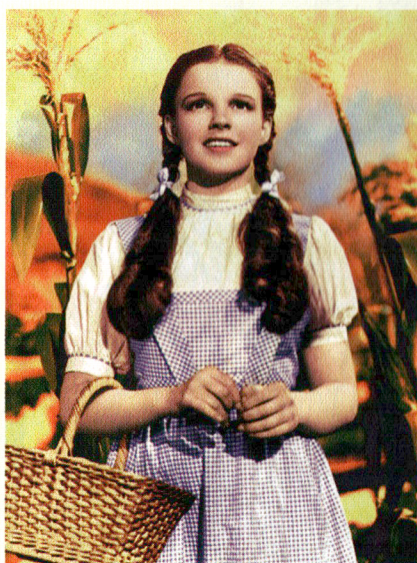
over the rainbow

Wiz Quiz

Are you a Wiz whiz? Guess which answer completes each fun fact about *The Wizard of Oz*. You may be surprised!

1 In 1939, girls all across America packed movie theaters to see *The Wizard of Oz*. Many people had already...

- A.** read about Dorothy and her friends in a book.
- B.** heard the characters of Oz on a radio program.
- C.** seen the characters onstage in a musical.
- D.** all of the above



2 Judy Garland wasn't the producers' first choice for the role of Dorothy. They had wanted to cast America's biggest girl star of the day,

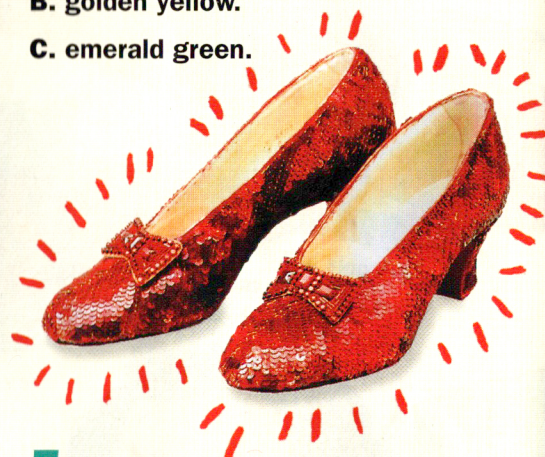
- A.** Elizabeth Taylor.
- B.** Shirley Temple.
- C.** Julie Andrews.

3 The name for the land of Oz came from...

- A.** a cereal box.
- B.** a planet.
- C.** a filing cabinet.

4 In the movie, Dorothy wears ruby slippers. In the book, her magic shoes are...

- A.** shiny silver.
- B.** golden yellow.
- C.** emerald green.



5 To film the Horse-of-a-Different-Color scene, six white horses were covered with...

- A.** watercolor paint.
- B.** multicolored bodysuits.
- C.** Jell-O powder.
- D.** all of the above





6 The Wicked Witch of the West didn't always look as she does in the photo above. Costume designers originally suggested that she wear...

- A. purple face makeup.
- B. a black sequined gown.**
- C. red glitter nail polish.



7 Toto needed a stand-in for a few weeks during the filming of the movie because...

- A. she had puppies.
- B. her paw was sprained when one of the witch's guards stepped on it.**
- C. she was frightened by the flying monkeys and couldn't act.



8 Many of the books and stage shows about Oz included new characters, such as...

- A. Imogene the Cow.
- B. Tryxie, a Kansas waitress.
- C. Princess Ozma.
- D. all of the above**

Answers

1 D. In 1900, L. Frank Baum's book *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* became an instant success. Radio programs, stage musicals, and silent and talking Oz films followed, as well as 39 more books—all before the movie starring Judy Garland hit the theaters!



2 B. Although Shirley Temple, at ten, was closer to the age of Dorothy in the book, 16-year-old Judy Garland won the part because she had a better singing voice.

3 C. Before writing his book, Baum told the neighborhood children his story of Dorothy's adventures. When one girl asked what the name of the imaginary land was, he looked at a filing cabinet in the room. The top drawer was labeled A-N, the bottom drawer held O-Z. "Oz!" he said.

4 A. *The Wizard of Oz* was one of the first color movies. Dorothy's shoes were changed from silver to red to show off this exciting technology!

5 C. Once the painted horses figured out how tasty their "makeup" was, they kept trying to lick the powder off between shots!

6 B. The witch's first costume looked like the Evil Queen's in *Snow White*—a movie that had been a huge hit the year before. In addition to her sequined gown and hat, the first witch wore false eyelashes and glossy lipstick!



7 B. Toto wasn't the only Oz actor with bad luck! The first Tin Man was replaced after he had a serious allergic reaction to his makeup. The witch was burned as she disappeared into a cloud of fiery smoke. And two flying monkeys—little people in costume—were injured when the wire that held them in the air broke.

8 D. In fact, Imogene took Toto's place in the stage musical. But it's the characters from the original book, written nearly a hundred years ago, that are remembered best today! ★



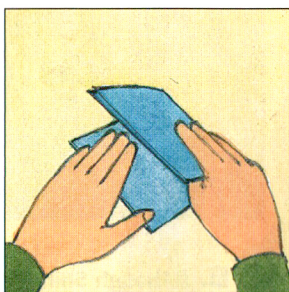
Craft

Bind a Book

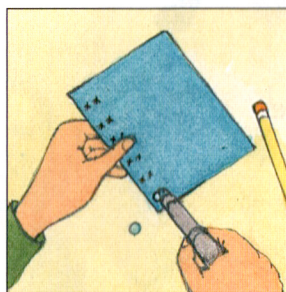
Fill these bright books with pictures of your pals, marvelous mementos, silly stickers, and your own wonderful writing!

YOU WILL NEED

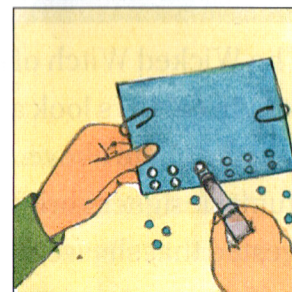
- 3 sheets of 8½-by-11-inch paper, 2 blue and 1 yellow
- Scissors
- Pencil
- Single-hole punch
- Paper clips
- 24-inch shoelace or ribbon
- Decorative-cut scissors
- Glue
- Marker



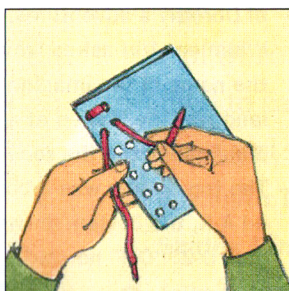
1 To make “shoelace” book on next page, fold 1 sheet of blue paper in half horizontally. Fold paper in half again as shown. Unfold and cut along fold lines to get 4 pieces. Repeat with other sheet of blue paper to get 8 pieces total.



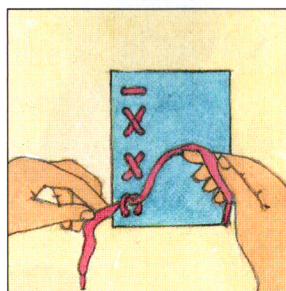
2 On 1 piece of cut paper, use pencil to mark where holes will go. You need 12 holes total (6 rows of 2 holes). Make sure to space them evenly. Punch holes at marks.



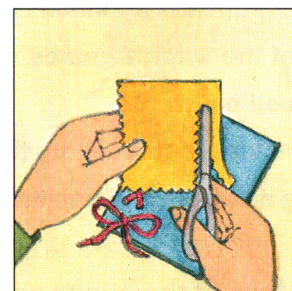
3 Stack 1 or 2 pieces of cut paper under the hole-punched piece. Clip pieces together and punch holes in them, using holes in top sheet as a guide. Repeat until all pieces of paper are hole-punched.



4 To bind book, start at top 2 holes. Bring lace up through 1 hole and down through the other, pulling lace ends even in back. Bring lace ends up through next row of holes.



5 Cross lace ends, and push them down through third row of holes. Make another X the same way. Bring lace ends up through bottom holes. Tie in a bow.



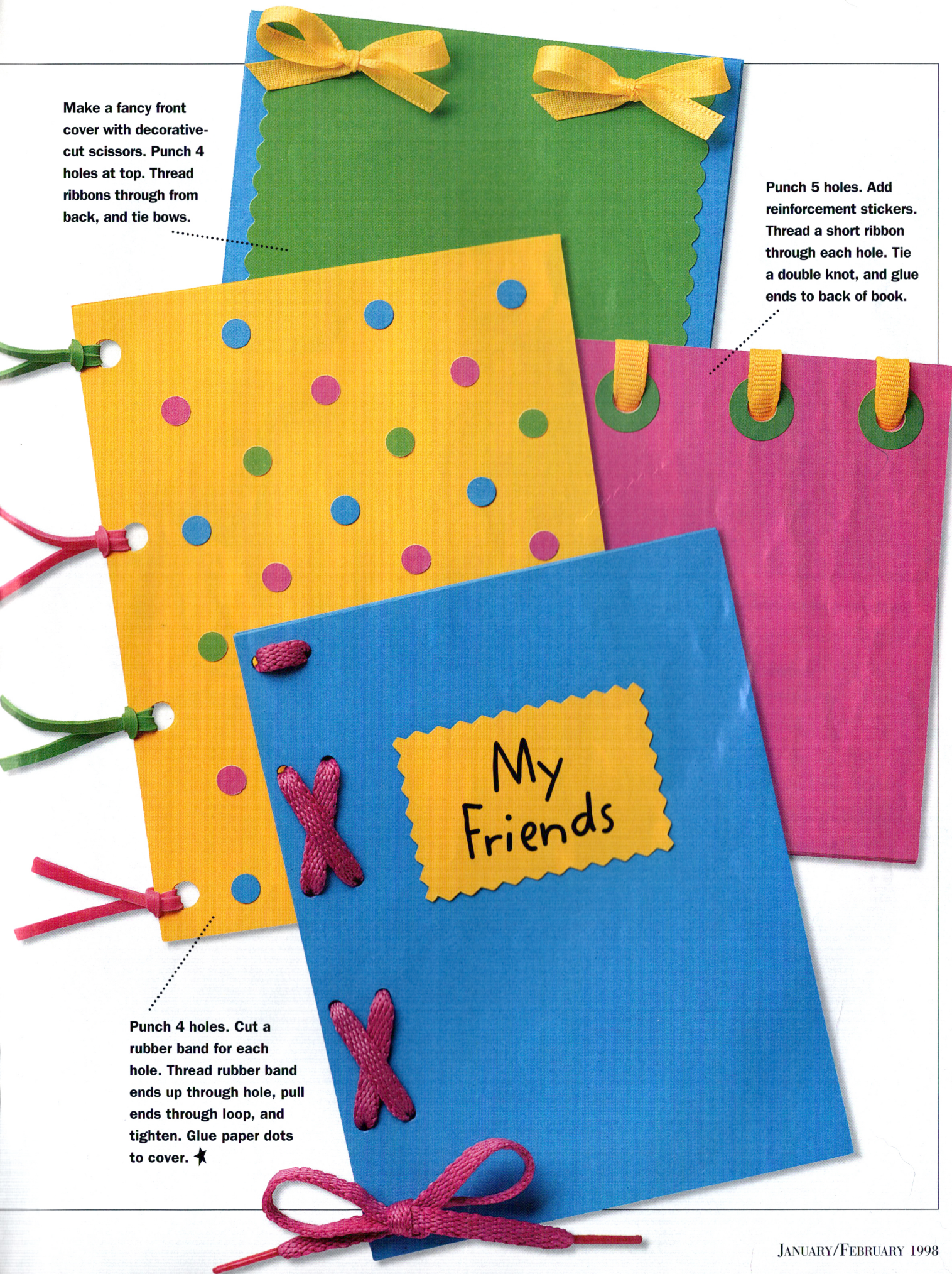
6 Use decorative-cut scissors to cut a small rectangle of yellow paper. Glue to front of book. Let dry. Write a title on your book with marker.

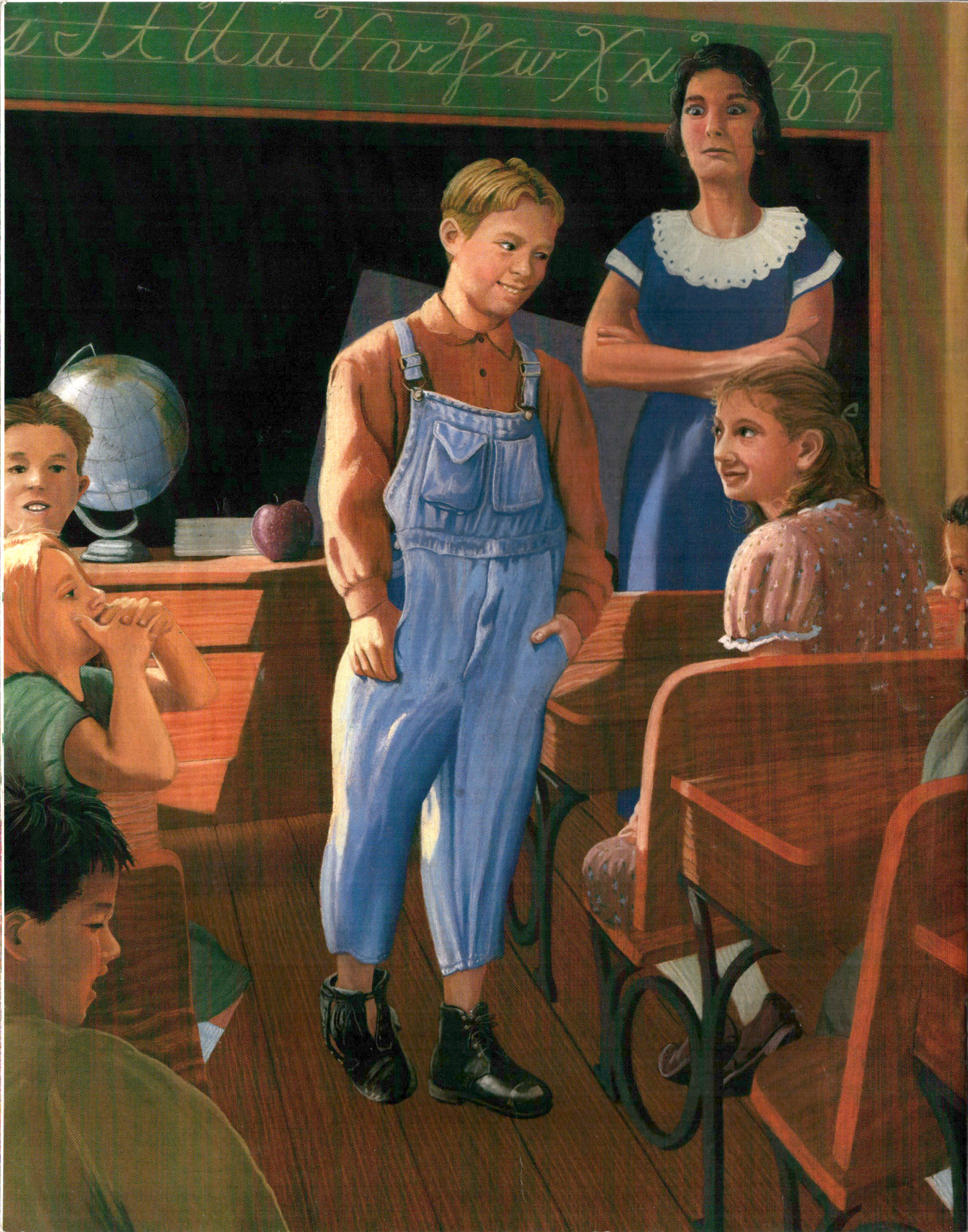


Make a fancy front cover with decorative-cut scissors. Punch 4 holes at top. Thread ribbons through from back, and tie bows.

Punch 5 holes. Add reinforcement stickers. Thread a short ribbon through each hole. Tie a double knot, and glue ends to back of book.

Punch 4 holes. Cut a rubber band for each hole. Thread rubber band ends up through hole, pull ends through loop, and tighten. Glue paper dots to cover. ★





The Valentine



by Emily Crofford

Everyone in the class picks on Talmadge. If Meg becomes his friend, they'll pick on her, too.

My first thought when the new boy came into the classroom was that we girls had wasted a lot of time fussing with our hair.

"Class," Miss Gibson said, "this is Talmadge McLinn. His family just moved here from eastern Tennessee."

"From Wild Hog Holler, to be exact," Talmadge said.

Maxine giggled and others sniggered. I didn't, although I had never heard anyone talk like he did, and Wild Hog Holler was a funny name.

Miss Gibson glared at us; the room became quiet. I figured Maxine, who giggled about everything, was probably choking herself.

Talmadge's feet were so big, they called even more attention to his clubbed right foot. Clubfeet were not unusual, but I had never seen one like his. His weight came down on the outside of his little

toe so that his heel was raised up about two inches from the floor even when he stood still. He was wearing high-top work shoes—without socks, despite the January cold. His shabby overalls stopped before they reached the tops of his shoes. His smile stretched from one side of his face to the other, offering us his friendship, asking for ours.

"Which cheer ye want I should set in?" Talmadge asked Miss Gibson, and Stinky Sterret burst out laughing. Miss Gibson sent him out into the hall.

Stinky, I thought, had forgotten that when he first came from Oklahoma the other boys had ragged him until he'd turned mean and earned the name Stinky.

At recess we girls talked about Talmadge. "I feel sorry for him," Josie said.

Maxine went into a fit of giggles. "But do you want him for a boyfriend?"

From *Stories from the Blue Road*

Josie tossed her head. "I have more boyfriends now than I know what to do with. I just said I feel sorry for him."

"Me too," I said. "Stinky is going to make his life miserable."

Stinky did, too, beginning that very recess. He ran by Talmadge, grabbed his cap, and threw it to Raymond. Talmadge seemed to think it was a game and kept grinning and trying to recapture his cap while other boys joined in to keep it away from him.

We girls didn't think it was very funny, except for Maxine. We kept watching, though, waiting to see what would happen.

The smile on Talmadge's face held even when Stinky caught the cap, pinched it on his nose, and blew. That's when Miss Gibson, who had been standing close to the door talking to another teacher, stepped in. Walking fast, her head thrust forward like a snapping turtle's, she charged into the middle of the group and snatched the cap away from Stinky.

You shouldn't have done that, Miss Gibson, I thought. From now on, Stinky will make Talmadge his enemy.

Talmadge knew that, too. Wiping his cap on the dead grass, he said, "Hit don't make no never mind." He settled the cap back on his head. "They was just funnin', Miss Gibson."

Stinky might have been funning before. Now his mouth turned down at the corners in hate.

In class Talmadge grew quieter and quieter during the next two weeks. His hand stopped shooting up to answer questions; he stayed in during recess and read rather than go outside.

John Edward, the boy I liked best, didn't act mean to Talmadge, but he didn't make friends


with him. Nobody did. I stayed away from him too until Mother sent a note one day that I had had an earache the night before and couldn't go outside to play. At first Miss Gibson was in the room with Talmadge and me, then she left. Her feet were still tapping down the hall when Talmadge sidled into a desk in the next row from mine.

"I'm sorry ye're feeling poorly, Meg," he said.

"Oh, I'm all right," I said. "I had an earache last night. It's gone except for a twinge now and then."

"My sister gits earaches," he said. "They must be awful." He looked so concerned I fidgeted.

"Ye ever read this here book?" he asked me.

"Stinky is going to make his life miserable," I said. Stinky did, too. 

I glanced at the door and listened hard to see if any of the kids were hanging around in the hall. The only sounds were the muted squeals and laughter from the school grounds.

"I don't think so," I said, and turned my head to the side to read the title. *Bob, Son of Battle*, it said. There was a picture of a collie dog's face under the title.

Talmadge turned from his place at about the middle of the book to the front pages and handed it to me. "It's hard to read," I said after a minute.

"At first it is," he said, "but ye'd soon git the hang of it. I ain't never lent it out before, but ye kin borry it when I'm done this time." He read aloud:

"Ay, the Gray Dogs, bless 'em!" the old man was saying.

"Yo canna beat 'em not nohow. Known 'em ony time this sixty year, I have, and niver knew a bad un yet."

It sounded like music when Talmadge read it. "You talk kind of like that," I said.



He nodded. "The Thorntons—my mother was a Thornton—come from the Dalelands." He turned sideways in the desk. "Dalesmen air from England. My dad's people was from across the border—in Scotland. Fer back the Thorntons and the McLinns spilt blood feudin' one with t'other. So when my mother and father got married, neither side would have aught to do with them. Mother used to cry about it. The feudin' ain't never quit, albeit my father says can't any two people tell the same tale about why it commenced in the first place."

"Oh," I said. I didn't know what else to say. It seemed so important to him that I added, "They were mean to treat your mother and father that way."

Talmadge stroked the book with his fingertips. "I got this here book fer Christmas when I was but a tyke. I'm just now gittin' to the point I can read it good."

There was something I wanted to know.

"Talmadge—aren't you going to fight Stinky?"

A week ago, in front of the whole class, Stinky had challenged Talmadge to come behind the ditchbank and fight. Since then Stinky and the three boys who hung around with him had made remarks about Talmadge being yellow.

Talmadge closed the book and shook his head. "We come here to git away from fightin' much as to make a livin'. I seen enough fightin' to last me a lifetime." He traced his finger around the picture of the dog's face on the front of the book. "I've took a vow not to never fight agin." Glancing at me, he said, "I ain't told nobody else except John Edward."

"I won't tell," I said. "John Edward won't either."

The bell rang; I grabbed my science book and pretended to be studying. Talmadge started back toward his desk. Too late. Maxine was standing in the doorway, her bird eyes darting from one of us to the other. She and Bonnie Lou walked by my desk and Bonnie Lou said, "Looks like Meg has a new sweetheart." Maxine bent over from the waist, she giggled so hard.

After that, I avoided Talmadge. I didn't want the others to think there was any truth in what Bonnie Lou and Maxine had said about my liking him. Then one day after the last bell rang I went outside and saw Talmadge in a circle of other boys.

I saw immediately what had happened. Stinky had come up behind Talmadge and yanked his *Bob, Son of Battle* book out of his hand. For the first time since he had started to our school, all of the meekness went out of Talmadge.

"Give it back," he said, his voice so command-

ing that Stinky blinked, and I thought he was going to hand the book to Talmadge. But the other boys were nudging Stinky, saying things like “Git him, Stinky!” “Make him show his yellow streak.”


John Edward didn’t do that, but he didn’t make a move to stop it like he had other times either. He licked his lips, glancing from Stinky to Talmadge.

Although he was taller than Stinky, Talmadge had the bad foot. I didn’t figure he had a chance.

Stinky dropped the book and kicked it to the side. “You want it, hillbilly, pick it up!” he said.

A tremor passed through Talmadge, but because of our conversation I realized that it didn’t come from fear. It came from fighting within himself. It struck me that John Edward knew that too.

In one move, Talmadge shucked his coat, took a step forward, and hit Stinky high on the jaw. Stinky staggered and the people watching gasped

“Meg, you ain’t being honest. You really like Talmadge.” 

with surprise. Stinky recovered quickly, though, lowered his head, and charged, swinging hard. Talmadge moved in a circle, ducking and swaying to dodge Stinky’s fists. Even when Stinky’s blows landed they were short or glancing. Talmadge didn’t move his head back enough once, though, and his nose began to dribble blood.

Kids from other classes were there now too, some silent, some shouting to stop it, others egging them on. Talmadge had only thrown one punch, but suddenly his fist shot out again. He hit Stinky in the same place on his jaw. Stinky went down. Talmadge took a couple of long awkward

steps and straddled him, pinning his shoulders to the ground. He had won!

And then Talmadge did a terrible thing. He started to cry. Holding his arm over his eyes and his bleeding nose, he got up off Stinky, picked up his book, and walked away.

Some of the crowd, led by Stinky’s friends, were shouting “Go back to Wild Hog Holler!” I took a few steps toward Talmadge. *You did the right thing*, I wanted to tell him. *You had to stand up for yourself*.

The kids were all staring at me. “Go back to Wild Hog Holler!” I yelled.

Generally a fight was the topic of conversation the next day, but nobody mentioned the one between Talmadge and Stinky. It was like we all wanted to forget about what had happened. I kept thinking about John Edward, and the way he had licked his lips when Talmadge and Stinky were about to fight. I finally worked it out. He hadn’t been excited about the possibility of their fighting, but about whether or not Talmadge could stick to his vow. I decided I liked another boy, Tom Garrity, better than I did John Edward.

I didn’t want to talk with Talmadge after that day, though. He was too different; he didn’t belong. John Edward looked through him. Nobody included him, or bothered him. He had become an outcast. When I knew he was looking at me, I pretended to be busy with my schoolwork. When he walked beside me as we were leaving the building, I answered him politely and hurried away as soon as I could.

“It’s just politeness,” I said to my friend Grace as we walked home in a drizzling rain. “Mother and Daddy have drummed being polite and kind



into me since I was born, so I can't help it."

Gentle Grace didn't answer. We had walked another quarter of a mile before she said, "Meg, you ain't being honest. You really like Talmadge."

"I don't like him! I can't stand him!"

Grace shrugged and said nothing more.

Finally, I broke the silence. "You know good and well that if I showed that I liked him, the other kids would peck me raw."

With Valentine's Day coming up, I began to get especially nervous about Talmadge. If he bought me a mushy valentine I would just die.

Mother had never liked valentine boxes, not even for first grade, much less sixth. Considering that, I should have known better than to fuss about having to make my own valentines.

"You can either make them from the wallpaper

book or forget it. And if you make one, you have to make them for every person in the class."

The next morning I hesitated before approaching the box, considering holding out Stinky's and Bonnie Lou's and Maxine's and Talmadge's. *Oh, what the heck*, I decided. *I might as well end it by giving a valentine to everybody*. I dropped all my envelopes through the slot.

Miss Gibson didn't hand out the valentines until the last period, and by that time I was a wreck. I had started imagining that I would get only four or five. I got 13. Josie and John Edward got more, but I didn't feel too bad. The one from Tom Garrity was store-bought with an elephant on the front. "I've got a trunkful of love for you, Valentine," it said.

I felt sorry for Talmadge and was glad I had made a valentine for him. Mine had been one of the three he received. I had just printed "Happy Valentine's Day" in red and signed my name.



There was no way the kids could make something of that.

Talmadge did though. He caught up with me on the front steps as we were leaving school.

"Shore makes a feller feel good to git a valentine from a blossom-eyed gal like you, Meg," he said. "I hope hit don't fret ye that I didn't give you one. I didn't give nary one—couldn't git around to making any."

"That's all right," I said quickly and, turning my back to him, started talking to Josie.

Saturday morning, our house smelled of burning wood and the gingerbread Mother had baked. Cozy and happy, I was helping her quilt when Brownie gave a warning growl from the porch. At that moment, I heard a call: "Hello!" My head jerked up, and I looked through the front window. There, beside the road, stood Talmadge.

I slid off the stool, and one of those miserable burning blushes I couldn't do a thing about raced from my neck right up to my hairline. "It's the new boy in our class," I said.

Daddy went to open the door, his face crinkling with amusement at my embarrassment. "Come on in," he called, which also let Brownie know that the visitor was welcome.

Talmadge came up the boardwalk, scraped the road mud off his shoes on the front steps, and came inside, nodding and smiling.

"This is Talmadge," I said stiffly. "He moved here from Tennessee."

"From Wild Hog Holler, to be exact," Talmadge said, smiling all over his face.

Daddy chuckled with a merriment that matched Talmadge's and said, "I know your father. Fine man."

"Take Talmadge's coat for him, Meg," Mother said. There was a puzzled note in her voice, as if she didn't understand why I seemed to have forgotten the art of making welcome.

"I believe I'll keep it on awhile," Talmadge said. "I'm chilled to the marrow."

Just then my brothers Bill and Correy came bursting in from the yard, puffing and laughing.

"Talmadge!" Bill exclaimed.

"Hi, Bill," Talmadge said.


It didn't surprise me that Bill knew Talmadge—kids in the lower grades often knew the ones above them. It did surprise me that Talmadge knew Bill.

Correy was staring at Talmadge's clubfoot.

"That's Correy," Bill and I said at the same time, his tone proud and cheerful, mine forced. Talmadge squatted down, one knee up, one down, man-fashion, so he would be eye level with Correy.

"Hi, Correy." He pointed at his foot. "Hit were like that when I come into this world." He winked. "Don't slow me down none, though."

Then he came straight over to me, reached

**I opened the envelope.
"Hit's a valentine,"
Talmadge said.** 

into his left overcoat pocket, took out a big white envelope, and handed it to me.

"I walked up to the highway and hitched a ride into town and bought this," he said.

Fumbling, I opened the envelope.

"Hit's a valentine," Talmadge said. "Since Valentine's Day has done passed, I got it for half price. With money I saved up myself."

The valentine was beautiful, lacy with delicate



flowers and hearts on the front. Inside it said, "To My Sweetheart."

"I was goin' to git one that said 'To My Friend,'" Talmadge said nervously, "but they didn't have none like that."

Despite his bad foot, he had walked miles in bitter weather to bring a valentine to me. As I continued to gaze silently at it, I could tell that he was waiting for me to say something. Mother and Daddy and Bill and Correy were waiting too.

I relaxed. If the kids at school found out about Talmadge bringing the valentine, I would laugh and say, "I thought I would die!"

"It's the prettiest valentine I ever saw," I said. "Thank you very much."

Talmadge's ears turned red.

Smiling, I asked, "Would you like to have some gingerbread and buttermilk with us?"

"Shore is a temptation," Talmadge said, "but I've got to git on home. Been gone so long."

"At least take a piece with you," Mother said. She went quickly into the kitchen and came back with a big square of the cake.

We watched out the window as Talmadge started up the road eating the gingerbread. The snow had almost fizzled out, and the sun was sparkling around the edges of broken clouds.

"I'm proud of you," Daddy said to me in a soft, pleased voice. "Proud that you choose your friends according to what's inside them. I've heard about the way the lad's been shunned."

I stared at the floor, too ashamed to lift my head. I could see Talmadge sitting hunched in his desk, his eyes pleading with me to be his friend; I could hear myself shouting, "Go back to Wild Hog Holler!"

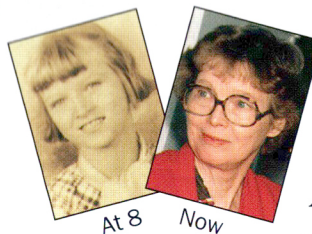
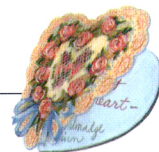
"It took courage not to go along with the crowd," Daddy said and reached out to touch me.

"Don't—please." My words came out choked.

I hurried into my room and scrambled into my coat, then ran blindly outside to the barn and climbed up to the loft. The fragrant, loose hay gave under my weight, cradling me when I sank down into it, muffling the sound when I said, "Talmadge, I'm sorry," and let the tears burst free. ★

Meet the Author

Emily Crofford



When I was a girl, we lived for a time on a cotton plantation in Arkansas on a dirt road—the Blue Road.

There was a lonely boy at my school who had a kind of misshapen foot called a clubfoot. I knew him for less than a year, but memories of him and the Blue Road have never left me.

Friendship File

We're Just Friends!

Are a boy friend and a boyfriend the same thing? These American girls say definitely *not*.

Buddy Boys



"I met my best friend Sam last year at school. We were in the same band class. We started talking and had so much in common, you would think we lead parallel lives. The thing I like most about our friendship is that he always makes me laugh."

Katie Andrews
Age 12, Texas



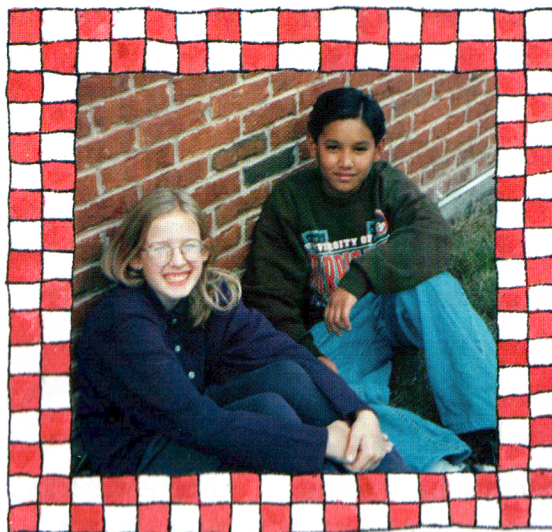
"Boy-girl friendships give you different views on life. They really are no different from other friendships. People shouldn't say, 'Oooh! Look at the couple!' when they see a boy and girl together."

Emily :-)
Age 12, Oregon

Photo Gallery

"My friend Matthew and I are close. When I have troubles, I usually talk to him. I've learned that whether a person is a boy or girl, smart or dumb, pretty or ugly, you can still consider that person your friend."

Rachel Petroske
Age 11, Illinois



Fictional Friends

Some great books have been written about girl-boy friendships. Each girl on the left has a guy friend on the right. Can you match them and name the famous book in which each pair appeared?

Girls

1. Harriet
2. Gilly
3. Beezus
4. Leslie
5. Meg

Boys

- a. Calvin
- b. Jesse
- c. Sport
- d. Henry
- e. William Ernest

- Answers:
1.c., Harriet the Spy
2.e., The Great Gilly Hopkins
3.d., the Ramona books
4.b., Bridge to Terabithia
5.a., A Wrinkle in Time



Is He Your Boyfriend?

Tired of that question? Here's how girls who visited our Web site handle it.

I say, "He's my guy friend, not my boyfriend."

Amber Massey :-)
Age 9, Texas

Tell them he's a friend—and he wouldn't criticize you because of your gender.

Andrea Kuhar :-)
Age 12, New Jersey

Flannery Woodward :-)
Age 11, South Carolina

I tell people I have a wide range of friends, and I'm proud of that!

I say, "Don't make fun of us. You're missing out on a great friendship!" Now some of the same girls are friends with my friend, too!

Shannon Remsing :-)
Age 10, Illinois

QUIZ

She Said, He Said

We asked ten girls and ten boys to pick the qualities that were most important in a friend. Their answers were

surprisingly similar! Pop this quiz on your friends and family.

A friend:

- ☒ Likes to do the same things I do
- ☒ Is really funny
- ☒ Never talks behind my back
- ☒ Is a good listener
- ☐ Is popular with others
- ☒ Always keeps promises

GIRLS SAID

1. Always Keeps promises
2. Never talks behind my back
3. Is a good listener

BOYS SAID

1. Always Keeps promises
2. Never talks behind my back
3. Likes to do the same things I do

Fill our Friendship File

The July/August 1998 Friendship File will be all about pen pals. Tell us about special things you and your pen friend have done to get to know each other. Have you met your

pen pal? Send us photos of you together and letters about what it was like to meet. Tell us about any cool things you've made or sent each other. What's the funniest thing you and your pen pal have in common?

Send all your ideas to Friendship File, *American Girl*, at the address on page 4. Be sure to include names, birthdates, and addresses for both you and your friend.



We're T.R.U.E.*

*That's "Two who Really Understand Each other." Send us your sign-offs! ★

Making

These girls bring you news you can use!



Sarah talks with Olympic athletes Stephanie O'Sullivan and Kelly O'Leary about their experiences playing on boys' sports teams when they were growing up. Stephanie and Kelly are members of the 1998 U.S. women's ice hockey team.

News

by
Candace
Purdum

Catch them on TV, on the radio, and in newspapers.



Powder keeps Sarah's face from shining. Each anchor wears a tiny microphone. The team takes a call from a viewer.

TV Sports Reports

Sarah Pearlstein faces the camera and tells viewers what she thinks about girls playing on boys' teams: "I think because of the size and physical differences, they should play in their own leagues. But the amount of publicity and money should be the same!"

Sarah, 10, is one of about 40 kids who take turns hosting Kid Company's Sportsworld, a live half-hour TV show that airs in six New England states. Each week, three young anchors join a professional sportscaster in a TV studio in Massachusetts. The kids debate current sports issues, interview pro athletes, give sports tips, report scores, and take calls from viewers.

Sarah's always been a huge sports fan, so she leapt at the chance to audition for the show. When she's not out playing soccer herself, Sarah trains her brain for her job by reading the daily sports section and watching sporting events with her dad. The first time she hosted the show, Sarah couldn't stop her feet from shaking. Now she knows just what it takes to be a winner behind the anchor desk: "What matters is that you know your sports—and you're having fun!"

News Clues

Say good-bye to feeling camera-shy with Sarah's video tips:

- 1** Sit or stand still. If you wiggle, it takes away from what you're saying.
- 2** If others are on camera with you, glance at them when you're talking. Don't just stare at the camera.
- 3** Relax and smile naturally.

To find out about Sportsworld auditions or how to become a long-distance phone correspondent, call
(617) 354-6003.

Sarah Pearlstein

News Clues

Speak with confidence using Lynn's talking tips:

1 Use an expressive, energetic voice. Speak clearly and not too quickly.

2 Practice with a tape recorder or talk in front of your stuffed animals until you can recite your story well.

3 Have water nearby in case your throat gets dry.

If you'd like to audition for Aahs World Radio, call **1-800-552-2470** to find the station nearest you.

Lynn Moore

On the Air with Flair

When Lynn Moore, 11, tunes in to her favorite radio station, she doesn't avoid the commercials. That's because sometimes she's *in* them! Lynn is part of the kid crew at Aahs World Radio, a children's radio network that broadcasts on 29 stations across the U.S. Taping commercials is one of Lynn's favorite jobs at the network. To prepare her part, sometimes the producer has her say a word like *WOW!* over and over until her voice is just right. When the ad is finally recorded, Lynn pauses at spots marked in the script so that different voices, barking dogs, and other funny sound effects can be added later.

But commercials are only a small part of Lynn's job. Last year she delivered weekly news stories about school topics, such as how eating breakfast can improve your grades. This year she reports live from special events in her community like the Minnesota State Fair. Even though Lynn has four years of experience, she still gets nervous before going on-air. "But once you start talking, it just flows," she says. "By the time you're done, you don't even remember you were on!"



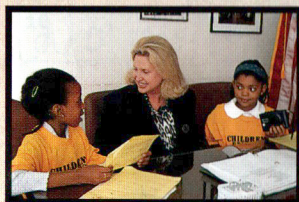
Here's another secret that helps Lynn keep her cool on-air: "I just think, 'I'm talking to a whole bunch of friends out there!'"

Photo: Jeffrey Grosscup



Before interviews, reporters make calls and search the internet for more information.

Start the Presses!



Sara and Cleo interview New York Congresswoman Carolyn Maloney for a story.

Cleo Long, 9, has news for you: "Reporters have a lot more work to do than just asking questions!" She and Sara Ruddock-Harris, 10, are among the 102 kids who work for the New York City news office of Children's Express.

They help prepare articles that appear in hundreds of newspapers throughout the world!

Most news stories they work on are about serious issues—Sara's favorite assignment was about racism, Cleo's about candy safety.

Here's the scoop: Every week, groups of two to four kid reporters ages 8 to 13 meet after school in the newsroom. They research their story topic, set up interviews, and prepare lists of questions to ask. Then the group sits down to interview an expert or sometimes other kids. A tape recorder whirs as the reporters take turns asking questions. Back at the newsroom, the reporters discuss their interview results, and share their opinions and ideas about the story with teenage editors who will write the article. Cleo and Sara say that if you haven't done your research, interviewing can be a tough job. "But if you have enough information and you know what you're talking about, then it's easy!" Sara says. ★

"We're not just reporting, we're learning about the world!"

—Cleo Long

News Clues

Make your next interview run smoothly with these tips from Cleo and Sara:

- 1** Make eye contact with the person you're interviewing.
- 2** Don't ask questions that can be answered with a simple "yes" or "no." Instead, begin questions with "What," "Why," "How," or "When."

- 3** Ask questions that you really care about.

Visit the Children's Express Web site at www.ce.org to contribute story ideas or find the news bureau nearest you.

Cleo Long Sara Ruddock-Harris

The Giggle Gang



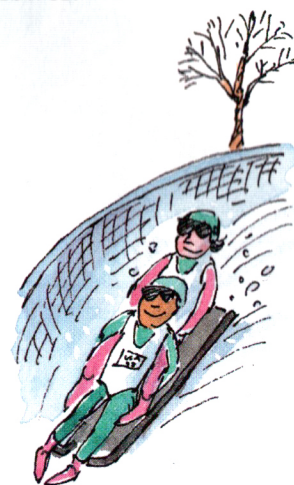
Olympic Time Rhymes



The Giggle Gang can't wait for the Olympics to start! Read the rhymes below and fill in the girls' favorite sports. We've given you the first answer.



1. Back-scratchers, spread eagles,
and more stunts you'll be seeing
as athletes jump snow bumps
when they are freestyle s k i i n g.



2. They face off at the puck.
The game often is rocky.
For the first time this year,
You'll see women play h o c k e y.



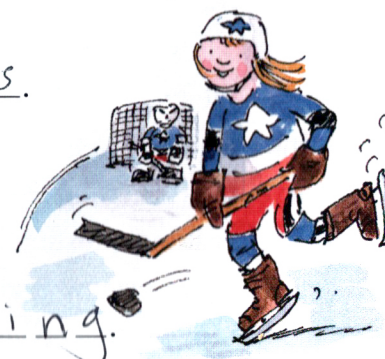
3. On a sled that is small
but a racetrack that's huge,
athletes steer with their calves
to compete in the L u g e.



4. They race around corners
and are keen concentrators.
Gloves, helmets, and knee pads
help protect the speed s k a t e r s.



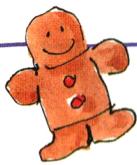
5. As athletes surf snow slopes,
judges will be rewarding
flying jumps and fast moves
in the sport of s n o w b o a r d i n g.



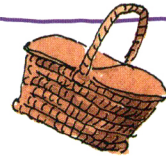
All answers on page 44.

Why is tic-tac-toe great to play on Valentine's Day? It comes with lots of kisses ("X"s) and hugs ("O"s)! *Jewel Crosby* Age 11, North Carolina Whom do birds marry? Their tweet-hearts.

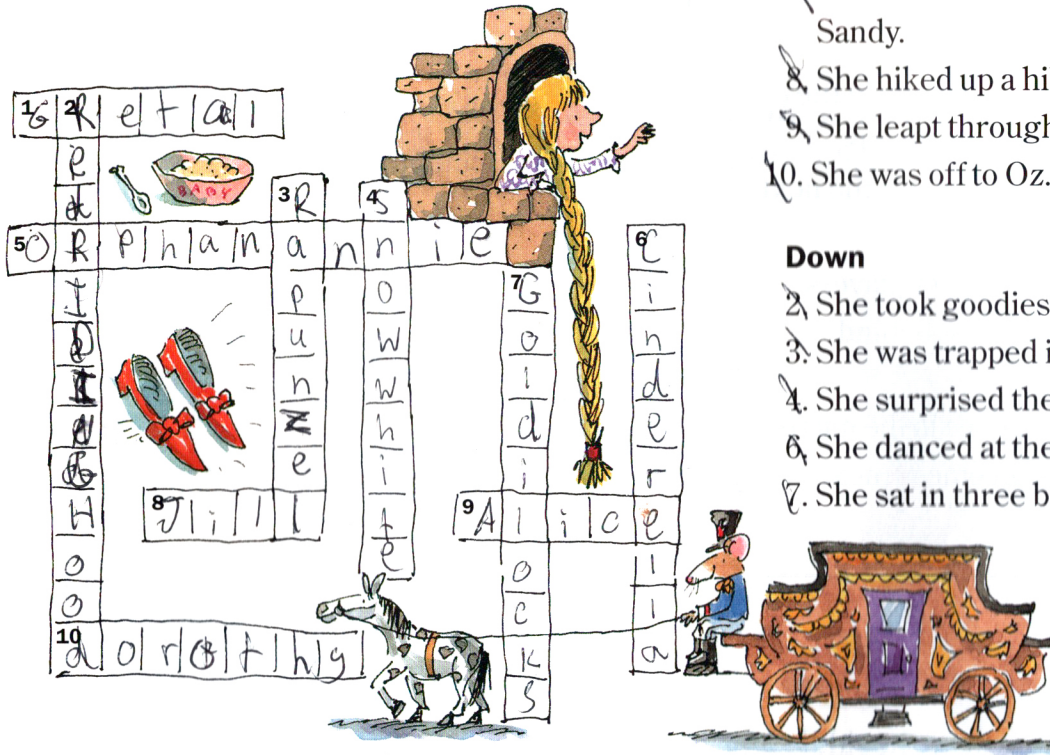
Gretchen Muller What did the boy pancake say to the girl pancake? You make me flip. *Kym Nyberg* Why do melons
Age 11, New York Age 11, Michigan



Storybook Girls on the Go



The characters in this puzzle all traveled to different places. The clues tell you where in the world each fictional girl went.



Across

1. She journeyed to a gingerbread house.
2. She moved to a mansion with her dog Sandy.
3. She hiked up a hill.
4. She leapt through the looking glass.
5. She was off to Oz.

Down

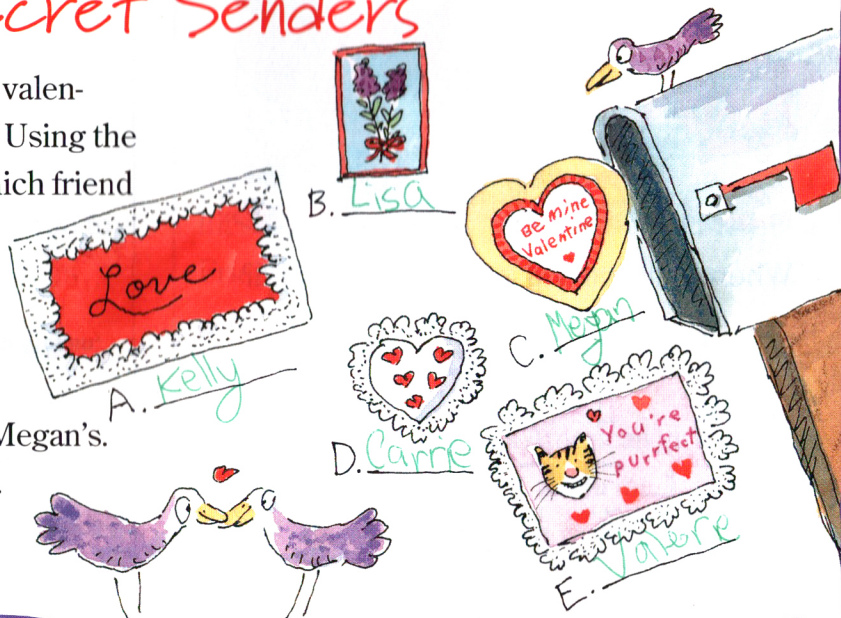
6. She took goodies to Grandma.
7. She was trapped in a tower.
8. She surprised the Seven Dwarfs.
9. She danced at the ball.
10. She sat in three bears' chairs.



Secret Senders

Julie's mailbox is overflowing with valentines, but none of them are signed. Using the clues below, help her figure out which friend sent each card.

- Lisa's valentine has no lace.
- Carrie's card has heart.
- Megan likes to write poetry.
- Valerie's valentine is bigger than Megan's.
- Kelly's card is to the left of Lisa's.



have weddings? Because they cantaloupe.

Becki Dilts
Age 11, California

Whom does a female bee marry? Her buzzband.

Allison Grotz
Age 9, Illinois

The Giggle Gang

Mirror, Mirror, in My Hand

The idea for this game of Tag came to us from Lauren Walser of Missouri. You'll need a hand mirror and at least three players—the more the merrier!

Choose someone to be **It**. **It** stands in the middle of the playing area and chants, "Mirror, mirror, in my hand, who's the next **It** of the land?"

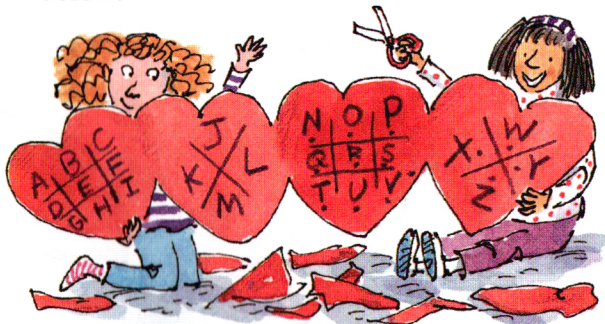
While **It** is chanting, the other players spread out, but they can't hide behind anything.

It then tries to spot someone in the mirror. Whomever she catches becomes **It** next.



AG Code

Use the decoder to unscramble the riddle below.

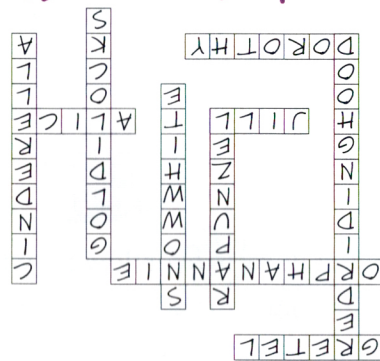


Where can love and joy always be found?

┐ ┐ ┐ ┐
I N T H E

┐ ┐ ┐ ┐ ┐ ┐ ┐ ┐ ┐ ┐
D I C T I O N A R Y !

Answer Box



Storybook Girls on the Go

AG Code: In the dictionary!

D is from Carrie, E is from Valerie

A is from Kelly, B is from Lisa, C is from Megan,

Secret Senders

4. skaters, 5. snowboarding.

Olympic Time Rhymes: 2. hockey, 3. luge,

The buzzword, bevy, appears on page 20.

Evin Ballard
Age 12, California

Why is Cinderella a bad baseball player? She had a pumpkin for a coach.

Julia Gringo
Age 13, Pennsylvania

What do you get when you cross a bear with a skunk? Winnie the Pew.

Erika Wilson

What do

Bugs Bunny. Bethany Bowler

Age 13, Pennsylvania

If a king sits on gold, who sits on silver? The Lone Ranger.

Age 12, Florida

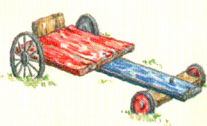
What did Snow White say when her pictures didn't arrive from the photo store? Someday my prints will come. Lindsay Carone

Age 13, New York

What do you call a rabbit with fleas?

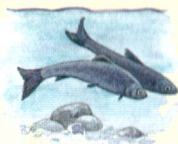
Who's That Girl?

Here's an American girl of yesterday. Read the clues about her and guess who she became when she grew up.



Clue 1

I always enjoyed making things. Once I tried to build a go-cart from scrap wood and old wheels I'd collected. When I sat down in my homemade contraption, it totally fell apart!



Clue 2

One of my favorite things to do was fish for minnows in the creek near our house in Nashville, Tennessee. I'd make a net by bending a wire coat hanger and covering it with an old pair of my mother's stockings.



Clue 3

My family went to church three times a week. There was no instrumental music, only singing. I loved to sing! Church hymns were the first songs I knew by heart.

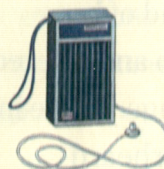


Clue 4

I was a tomboy and loved outdoor activities. Once I made an "earth ice chest" by digging a hole, lining it with tinfoil, and filling it with ice cubes.



Here I am at age 15 in 1975.



Clue 5

One year I got a transistor radio for Christmas. I'd go to bed with the earphone in my ear and the radio tuned to a hit station. I always hoped to hear "You've Got a Friend," by Carole King, before falling asleep.

Take a guess!

When she grew up, this American girl became:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> an inventor | <input type="checkbox"/> a marine biologist |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> a singer | <input type="checkbox"/> a radio DJ |

Turn the page and find out if you're right!

She's Amy Grant



Amy played the guitar "all the time" for her kids while writing the songs for her latest CD.

Singer and songwriter Amy Grant has always loved music. Though the first songs she sang were church hymns, Amy also credits her three older sisters for her interest in

music. "I'd lie in my room and listen to their rock music through the wall," says Amy. "I don't think I realized at the time how much those sounds were shaping my music."

When Amy was 13, she borrowed a guitar and started taking lessons. By the time she was 15, she was writing her own songs! Amy's big break came soon after. A friend of hers was working in a recording studio and offered to help her make a tape of her songs. While in the studio, a record producer overheard Amy's music and immediately offered her a record deal!

Amy spent her entire 16th year making that record—and it wasn't easy! At first, she was scared stiff. She finally was able to loosen up by turning off all the lights in the studio so that she could concentrate and sing from her heart.

Now, 20 years later, Amy has 15 albums to her name. Did she ever think her music

would make her so famous? "Not in a million years!" she says. Though she's successful, Amy doesn't take her music—or her good fortune—for granted. "I have to work very hard on my singing," she says. "It takes me hours and hours in the studio to get a song sounding the way I want it." Amy's fans are thankful she's willing to work so hard! ★

Amy's advice to American girls:

"You don't have to have the best voice to be a successful singer. Develop whatever it is that's unique about you. For me, that's songwriting."

You can write to Amy c/o Blanton/Harrell Entertainment, 2910 Poston Avenue, Nashville, TN 37203.

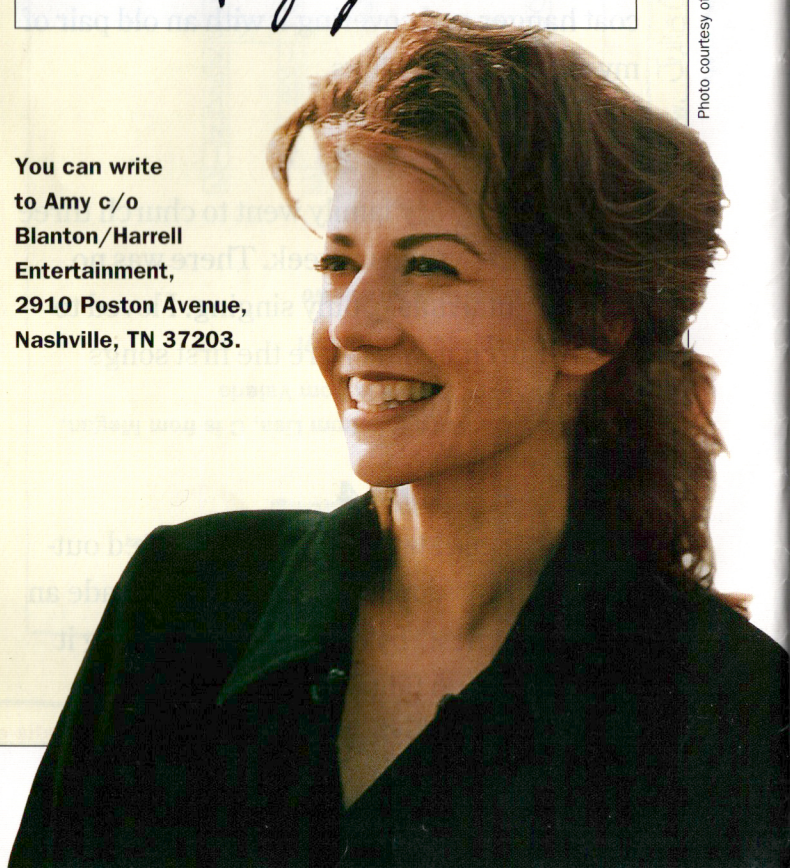


Photo courtesy of Amy Grant

Visit Amy's Web site at <http://www.amygrant.com/foaf/> to see photos, send letters, and even chat with Amy.



HELP!

Dear American Girl,

I have a brother and a sister. Every day we carpool with three other boys. NONE OF US GET ALONG! I try to be a peacemaker, but they don't listen to me. HELP!

Carpool Chaos!

Kudos to you for trying to make peace, but you'll probably need an adult's help to quiet this bunch! Ask your mom or dad to call a meeting for all the kids and their parents. At the meeting, agree on some rules for the future: no put-downs, no shouting. Arrange seating so that kids who always argue sit apart, and come up with a signal from the driver that means time-out. If tempers still heat up on the way to school, don't get involved. Set a good example by keeping your cool.



Dear American Girl,

I often remember past embarrassing events. Sometimes I still get mad or cry about them. I've tried to forget or tell myself no one remembers. Nothing works!

Remembering Too Much



You may not be able to forget the past, and you certainly can't change it. But you *can* learn from what happened. Ask yourself, "What would I say or do if I were in that situation again?" Coming up with useful ideas will feel better than dwelling on painful memories. Plus, you'll be ready the next time you're in a difficult spot!



Dear American Girl,

I really like going over to my friend's house because it's fun and interesting. But her family is so perfect and her house is so clean. Every time she comes to my house, she criticizes it. She just doesn't understand.

Ashamed

It can make you feel bad when someone puts down people and

things you care about. But your friend may not mean to be hurtful. Tell her, "My family is a lot different from yours, but I really love them. I feel hurt when you criticize them. And my house may not be so neat and organized, but we can still have fun when you're here." If your friend's a good friend, she'll try to understand your feelings.



Dear American Girl,

I'm popular and pretty, but some people say I'm snotty. I admit I am. How can I stop being snotty?

Too Snotty

It's good to be proud of the things that make you special. But if you don't appreciate the strengths of others, you'll turn off a lot of potential friends. Pay attention to everyone around you, not just the kids who are popular. If you see that someone's good at art, sports, science, or even hopscotch, give her a compliment. Even if you don't share her interests, you *can* show that you respect her.

MORE HELP!

Dear American Girl,

I have a B-I-G imagination. Instead of paying attention in school, I wander off into my imagination. Then I get confused and I can't figure out if I was called on.

BIG Imagination

Ask your teacher if you can sit at the front of the class. The farther back you are, the harder it is to listen. Try not to sit near anyone who might distract you by whispering or passing notes. Get involved! Raise your hand often, and ask questions when you don't understand. But *don't* lock away your imagination. Use it to spice up science projects, beef up book reports, and add life to art class!

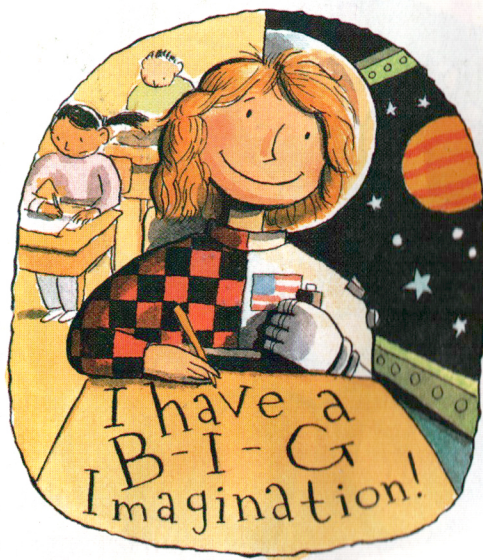


Dear American Girl,

I was in a track program with my friend last year. I beat her in every race. This year she is beating *me* in every race. I know I should congratulate her, but I can't! Instead I get mad.

Bad Sport

When you run a race, try not to measure yourself against your



friend. Instead, set your own goals—try to beat your last finishing time. Give yourself lots of encouragement. Tell yourself, “All right! I’m two-tenths of a second faster than last week!” If you get mad, cool off in private. Then congratulate your friend the way you’d want to be congratulated.



Dear American Girl,

I’m the smallest in my family, but not the youngest. My whole family treats me like a baby—even my little brother. What do I do?

I’m not a baby

Be sure you act as grown-up as you want to be treated. Don’t whine, cry, or pout when things aren’t going your way. If you think someone is treating you like a

baby, stay calm. Say, “I feel bad when you tell me I’m not big enough to do that. Why did you say that?” Really listen, and discuss the situation without getting upset. You’ll show your family just how grown-up you are!



Advice from You

“If someone you love dies, you may not want to talk about him or her, but it helps a lot. When my great-grandma died I would not talk about her. After a while I started to talk about her, and it made me feel much better. Another thing you can do is make a special place just for things the person gave you.”

Dana Ingalls
Age 10, Oregon

Need advice? Write:
Help!

AmericanGirl

8400 Fairway Place
Middleton, WI 53562



Quilting Time, collage by Romare Bearden, 1985

Imagine *you're celebrating the first black history week.*

On a warm southern afternoon in 1926, you're off to a quilting bee with the women from your church. Usually your mother says you're too young to quilt with the grown-ups. But today you're finally going to get your chance.

In fact, every girl and woman in town who can hold a needle is going to the bee today, because this is no ordinary quilt. Today the church women are finishing a quilt in honor of Negro History Week, a brand-new holiday celebrating

the accomplishments of black Americans.

Standing off to one side, watching the women, you can hardly wait for your turn to add your stitches and your heart to this gorgeous work of art. As you sew, you'll be remembering the times you've been teased or put down just because your skin is dark. Every dip and flash of your needle will show the world that you're proud of your skin color and your heritage. And, most of all, proud to be yourself. ★

PET WASH

 American Girl®

Coming up in the March/April issue



On the Job

Girls create their own businesses

Lights On! Lights Off!

Super slumber party ideas

Kirsten and the Thief

A new story about Kirsten Larson

Mad About Hats

Hats from yesterday and today

TODAY!